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THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 41. Price Ten Cents.

1877.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY "FABE" MARTIN.

Time's unquiet sea another wave
Hath by us swept into the awful void
Of dim oblivion! the eternal grave
Of man's brief years, by all the past unclosed.
Another billow rolls, and we are buoyed
And borne still onward to the gulf, whose shore
Is strewn with wrecks of human hopes destroyed.
And with the dust of all that's gone before—
Where all that is to come shall perish evermore.

All save the deathless, the triumphant soul,
Which shall behold the chaos of that hour,
When Time's old foot has reached its utmost goal,
And falls the firestorm eager to devour
Earth's rock-ribbed mountains, whose iced summits tower
Like beacon-lights above the boiling sea!
Then o'er the ruin shall the spirit soar
To that fair world whose peaceful years shall be
The bright, the hallowed cycles of eternity.

A year hath passed—e'en as the dial's shade
That moves so swiftly, silently away;
What fearful changes hath its passage made!
How much of sorrow saw each fleeting day!
How oft hath disappointment barred the way
To Hope's most eager footsteps—turning back
The weary heart, to go again astray.
O man, in cheerless ways thy lot is cast,
And much of bitterness and woe in life thou hast.

Within thy narrow scope, departed year,
How oft hath opened the remorseless grave!
While Death sat smiling o'er the sable bier,
In silent mockery of the pangs he gave,
How hath the monster on the ocean wave
Flapped his dark wings amid the awful storm
Where strove in vain the hardy and the brave!
In Joy's bright halls how oft a beauteous form
Hath the stern spectre pierced to feast the groveling worm!

These tell thy history, and yet not all;
A fairer page thy brighter hours may claim;
Thou hadst thy scenes, the heart would fain recall,
Sweet, joyous moments, worthy of the name
O'er which, with sadd'ning spell, no sorrow came—
When from their deep debasement rose again
The father, husband, son, upraised from shame;
Resolved no more the madd'ning cup to drain.
How great, how sweet the joy, though bought with years of pain!

Scarce boasts our darksome lot a sweeter hour,
When, from wandering o'er the trackless tide,
The anxious watcher from the surf-worn shore
Sees o'er the wave the vessel gayly glide,
Bearing again the loved one to her side;
And when on fever's restless couch is laid
The form more cherished than the world beside,
And to our prayer death's threatened blow is stayed,
Oh! is not then the heart by joy's blest spirit swayed?

And such were thine, Old Year; nor these alone:
Each month, each changing season, gave its store
Of rich and varied blessings freely strewn,
To teach man's thankless spirit to adore:
The early Spring the buds of promise bore,
Advancing Summer her kind influence shed,
And her fair gifts did bounteous Autumn pour
In needy Winter's lap. But thou art fled
For evermore thy house is with the countless dead.

The Bachelor's Boudoir, Dowagiac, Mich.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.
—SHAKESPEARE.

There are some parts of Hatton Garden, pretty as its name is, where a well-dressed person could not be reasonably secure of retaining his watch and chain, or, indeed, his life, if he did not look well after it. There are courts and alleys cutting through its dark, noisome streets that are blind in more senses of the word than one; tall, dirt-stained houses, mysteriously occupied, and guarded as carefully as the Bank of England; and small, disreputable-looking public-houses, behind whose grease-marked doors, which swing with a noiseless, furtive sort of secrecy peculiar to the atmosphere and surroundings, swarthy faces and queerly-clad beings sit plotting and planning, drinking and frowning, playing the eternal dominoes, and occasionally stabbing each other with a perseverance in the carrying-out of foreign manners and customs astounding in this great city of ours.

Wending our way through the close-smelling thoroughfares, bordered on each side by dens of misery and filth, at the doors of which lounge dark-hued Italians with blackened pipes in their mouths, or blackeyed, sallow-looking children sulkily squatting in the gutter or the curb, let us penetrate an alley—dark and dismal even in the Spring sunset—and, pushing open the low door of the heavy-browed public-house which stands at its end, pass into the small, sawdusted space before the bar.

Three men are standing there, all of them dark, swarthy-visaged, with jet-black, twinkling eyes, the fire in which smacks of ferocity and the quick flashing of cunning. Thin-lipped, high-cheek-boned and compact of limb, one would at once judge them Italians. Silently for a time they lounge moodily against the greasy bar and its partition, occasionally lifting their wine-glasses—for they are drinking pure Rhenish, the like of which could not be obtained at any aristocrat's dinner, imported, stored and sold only to his own particular customers by the Italian landlord of this dirty public-house—and puffing at the tiny cigarettes which they hold between their white teeth. At last the elder one glanced at the clock, stretched himself, and said, in the patois of an Italian villager:

"He is late."

"When is he not? Tell me, Piete," retorted the second, flinging himself down upon the hard wooden bench and supporting his head upon his long, sinewy hand.

"Your English is always late!" said the third. "He is all promise, but no perform. He will swear you to punctuality with an eagerness and solemnity sublime, and keep you waiting half an hour after his own time. Bah! Baptiste, Piete, be patient. You have not endured this abominable clime nor its detestable people so long as I, Jean, have. When you have, you will take these things as the English themselves do—quietly," and, with a gleam of his white teeth, the third lifted his glass to his mouth and drained it.

"Know you aught of this mission, Baptiste?" asked Piete when the landlord at a signal from Jean had filled the glasses and returned to his perusal of an Italian newspaper in a corner of the bar.

"Not a scrap; I was the reply. "It is some move of Spazzola's. He told me to wait with you two here till six, and he would come with the instructions; but, by Saint Paulo! it is near seven, and I am wearied to the death!"

"It will not be safe to go," muttered Piete. "What say you—shall we wait, Jean?"

"Why do you ask?" snarled Jean. "You know that it is more than our necks are worth to trifle with Spazzola. He tells you me, to be here—we are here. He does not come—we wait. What else were work? what else?"

"Dah! you are ill-grained this even, Fratello Jean. Wine, wine for Jean, that it may soak his humor down."

"Sh-r-r!" hissed Baptiste, between his teeth. "Cease snarling, wolves—the lion comes!" and he flashed his eyes at the door, which opened at the moment, and admitted a tall, fierce-looking Italian, half concealed by a ragged cloak and a sombre hat, followed by a short, thick-set Englishman whose flat, bull-dog features, short oily hair, suit of corduroy, and well-worn velveteen, blue-spotted neckcloth, and heavy-soled boots proclaimed him at once a brother of the fraternity whose unexpected midnight visits at wealthy mansions result in compulsory absence from their native land for the benefit of their own morals and their country's well-being. In short, the Italian's companion was a ticket-of-leave man, and looked it as plainly as if he had stitched the ticket on the breast of his short, useful jacket. Raising his eyebrows as a token of recognition, the Italian sauntered up to the bar and directed a quick gesture at the ticket-of-leave man.

"A go of gin," said he in a hoarse voice, apparently proceeding from the region of his thick boots. "Hot!" he added, then stood regarding the three Italians with side glances from his small, sharp-set eyes, that were near akin to their own.

The steaming glass of fiery liquor disposed of at one gulp, and a glass of wine having been finished by the Italian, the latter, nodding to the three others, took the ticket-of-leave man's arm and walked through a low doorway into a dark room, followed by the three others. The door of this apartment Jean carefully bolted, then, taking a whistle from his pocket, blew three soft calls.

After two minutes' waiting a portion of the floor at a corner of the room was raised in the shape of a trap-door, and, still without speaking, the five men went down—the trap-door closing after them as noiselessly as it had opened. At the foot of the ladder by which they had descended was an apartment something between a cellar and a tap-room, the walls being unpapered and filled with the mould of damp, and the floor covered with thick sawdust, over which the feet made no noise. Two or three tables, a wooden bench, and a few chairs comprised the furniture of the room, if one omits the broken bottles and glasses and a small tin frame for candles dangling from the roof.

"Now," said Spazzola, dropping into a chair and motioning to the rest to follow his example—"now we are safe, let's to business. First, Mon Piete, Baptiste, Jean, let me introduce you to a brother. His name is Bill, his profession is—ours. *Il mio amico*, these are my brothers. Soh! it is good!" he exclaimed as the man introduced as Bill rose slowly from his chair, expectorated, and grasped the hands held out to him, and then sat down again with the air of one who had undergone much in the cause of politeness.

"Baptiste, we will drink."

Baptiste rose, and, touching a spring, summoned a dwarfish, ill-looking ruffian, who came from a side-door let into the wood in the manner of a reptile dropping from the roof, and, taking their orders, returned in a few minutes with a bottle of wine and enough gin to last several "goes;" then, disappearing, left the party free to continue the conversation.

"Any news, Jean?" asked the one called Spazzola, who seemed by his manner and tone to hold the position of head.

"None, Spazzola!" replied Jean. "None, save that money is scarce, wine dear, and our hands idle."

"All which ills I came to dissipate!" retorted Spazzola. "I have news—perhaps because, unlike you, I seek it. Hands are idle when there seek no work, money is scarce when it is not chased, and wine—bah! wine is always dear while a rogue keeps the cellar. Soh! 'I have news,' said I, 'and good news.' Piete, your head, so long held down like a beat cur's tail, shall rise itself like a padrone's. Jean, your dry throat can, an you choose, lap Rhenish all the day; and you, oh, slender-waisted, calf-eyed Baptiste, shall have gold enough to deck a dozen green-eyed Maries."

And with a short laugh he caught up the glass and emptied it, while the three men, suddenly aroused from their lethargic attitude, bent forward across the table and fixed their glittering eyes upon his mocking face.

"It is time!" muttered Jean, sinking back into his chair and lowering his eyes. "Hungry dogs grow impatient."

"And yelp!" retorted Spazzola. "Enough, *amico*. The prelude is over—for the time. Piete, you little think of the trouble, the labor, the travail, your Spazzola undergoes to feed you. You little know the danger. Soh! enough, I said. For three weeks I have left you to try the chase. Aye, for three weeks, or all but a day, with no luck; but your waiting horse wins. Is is not so, *il mio amico?*" he inquired, turning to the Englishman, who nodded surlily. On the last day, meaning but yesterday, I came across my friend here, who was looking far and wide for Spazzola and his lambs. That we met was a chance, for I had dropped into a crowd to try my luck with the pockets when I saw him relieving a true trustful idiot of his trinkets. We went to the kitchen at Whitechapel, stayed the night, and arranged an undertaking which, by the holy Mary, shall line our girdles. Listen. There is—— Stop; let our friend relate himself the plan of the campaign, for he is generalissimo."

And he slapped the ticket-of-leave man on the shoulder. Bill got up with a clumsy movement, strangely contrasting with the graceful play of the Italian's limbs, and said, suddenly stopping to gulp some gin:

"What I got to say won't take half the time you've been palavering in—it's as plain as a pikestaff and as straight as a jemmy. Your mate here come across me cly-faken the other locum, and, being palish, I asked him to go in with a little affair I had on hand. He seemed agreeable if so be I'd take on three more, and—as it's allers, in affairs of this kind, the more on us the merrier—I agreed."

"And the plot—the affair?" asked Jean eagerly.

"Is this," replied Bill, looking cautiously around, and lowering his voice till, what with its hoarseness and burglar slang, the three could scarcely follow him. "Down in the country, inland, there's a jolly fine chance of a gamey bit o' cribbing. It's a old house, reglar matchbox stuff to get through, and I believe crammed full o' swag. The only man as lives in it is a crazed person o' some sort; him and a woman as is deaf and dumb are the only people livin' in it. There's a dawg, but I'll manage him. I'm good at dawgs. Next to the crib itself is a big 'all and several other 'ouses, tidy-sized, so that we could go in for a hatful, if so be you'd pluck to run it. Anyhow, this 'ere alone's a good pull and a safe one, and if you'll stand by a cove, play fair—mind, no splitting or shirking—we shall collar a lot o' swag."

Breathlessly the men listened, following each word with charmed ears and flashing eyes.

"What sort?" asked Baptiste, in a whisper.

"Plate!" replied the burglar. "Solid lumps, old-fashioned. I've been told that there's chests and chests, cupboards and cupboards, full of it."

The Italians rose to their feet with a gesture of excitement, but Spazzola's raised hand warned them into calmness.

"The cove in the crib is a strong 'un. I've see'd him went down a purpose. He'd be a tight bit if he turned crusty. There aint to be no shirking."

A sudden gesture of the Italians interrupted him. They raised their hands, and the steel blades of three stilettoes flashed in the dimness.

"Right you are!" croaked the burglar, holding out his fist. "Give us your fins."

CHAPTER XII.

Yea, Love is lord of all,
Simple and wise;
Strive how we may,
He blinds our eyes,
O Love! our king,
To thee we sing.

From the French of Gautier.

Once more the Rectory was deserted. When and how its master had departed only one person knew, and she—the old housekeeper—being dumb, could not tell, even if she chose. Maurice Durant had departed in the night, it was supposed; what direction he had taken it was impossible to conjecture even, for there were no traces of his flight, searched for though they were; for Sir Fielding, even at the risk of the strange being's displeasure should he hear of it, had caused careful inquiries to be made for miles around. Nothing could be learned. One man had asserted that, as he lay beneath a hedge on the night Maurice Durant had dined at the Hall, he had seen a tall, dark figure, wrapped in a cloak and followed by a huge mastiff, pass by like a ghost, going in the direction of London; but no farther trace of him could be found, and Sir Fielding, arguing that Maurice Durant must have stopped somewhere for food and drink on the road, came to the conclusion that he had gone further into the country, or, perhaps, had, by a circuitous route, reached the sea-coast, and so taken ship for the Continent. That so much mystery should enwrap the movements of Maurice Durant gave him no surprise, for it was impossible to weigh his actions in the same balance with ordinary men. Much as Sir Fielding regretted his flight, he could not help feeling a certain sense of relief, which Chudleigh shared, though why he could not tell. How much his absence touched Maud it was impossible to say. She never mentioned his name, and her face gave no sign, though the dreamy, wistful, almost indescribable expression that came upon it when Maurice Durant first spoke never left it.

At the end of two months The Folly and Hall were hail-fellow-well-met. The Chichester visit had been supplemented by Lady Mildred's, and the Folly had returned them both. Then invitations to dinner passed to and fro, followed by rides and drives in the fresh Spring mornings, and once at The Folly a grand ball, at which, owing to Sir Fielding's example, some of the principal county families had appeared. This overstepping the high bounds of caste produced good results to both families. It elevated the Gregsons, toned them down, and made them presentable, and brought a fresh dash of interest into the somewhat monotonous life at the Hall.

The Honorable Clarence Hartfield had suddenly been summoned to town to attend the sick-bed of Lord Crownbrilliants, so that he was robbed for the present of the fruit of his plotting; but as he had promised to return as soon as his father was convalescent, he still rejoiced in the success of his pretty little scheme. Maud was delighted at the acquisition of new friends, and by her meek, gentle manner, so free from affectation, and so thoroughbred, won the admiring devotion of the Misses Bella and Lavinia directly, to say nothing of her conquest over Tom, which was very amusing. He fell in love with her the moment he saw her, and showed how hopelessly he considered it by the despairing gaze he always fixed on her when she was in the room, and by the sudden flushing of his round face, and fearful stammer, whenever she spoke and he attempted to answer. No slave of the ring ever watched to supply his master's wishes with half the feverish eagerness which Tom displayed. He hung about her, waiting with a dogged earnestness for every little chance of being useful. If she moved to the piano, he was sure to have reached it first, and arranged the music-stool with his hand upon the canterbury, ready to find the song she chose to sing. Croquet on the lawn involved a world of hard work, for there were the balls to recover, her mallet to carry, and, if she chanced to sit down, the seat to be dragged into the shade or sun. If they rode out, he insisted upon an examination of the saddle-girth and bridle before she mounted. Sometimes he would steal away to the stable and saddle her mare himself; on the road or across the moor he kept as near her as his horse would allow him, and watched every move of her steed with zealous care, though Phœbe was as safe an animal as ever carried a side-saddle. Tom's anxious mind conjured up a thousand accidents that might happen, and he was always expecting. All these and many other attentions poor Maud took with some embarrassment, but, being too gentle, had not the heart to rebuke or discourage, for she must have had a suspicion that one cold word from her would start the unhappy boy off—to Timbuctoo, perhaps.

One morning Tom had ridden over with his sister to entice Maud into a ride, and, she at once consenting, the pair were soon cantering towards the Cottage to call for Carlotta. Tom, by Maud's side as usual, suddenly pulled up, and said, with a hurried abruptness:

"Miss Chichester!"

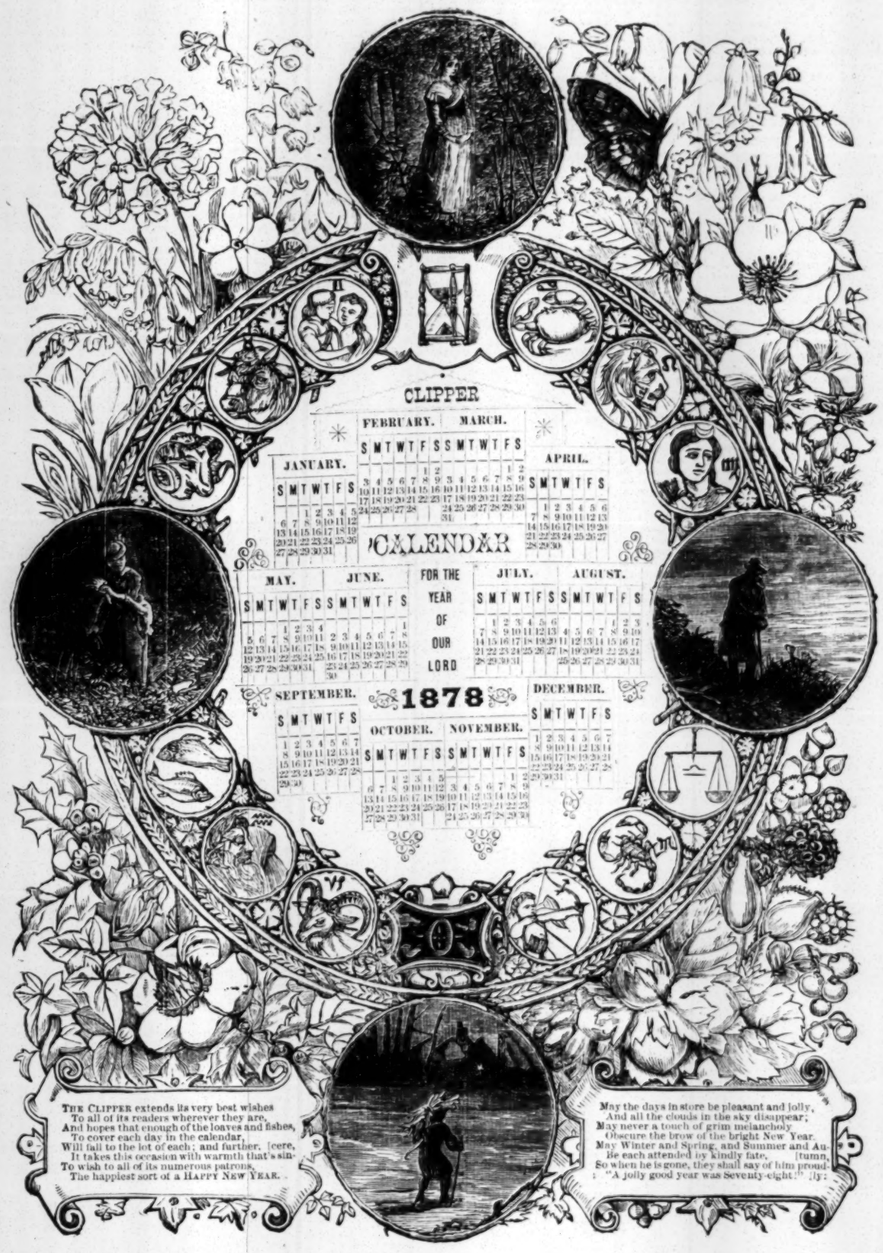
Maud checked the mare and turned her sweet face to him.

"Oh, don't pull up," he said uneasily. "We can talk galloping—at least, I can—I mean, that is to say if you can, Miss Chichester."

"Oh, yes," said Maud, smiling gently, and patting Phœbe into a gallop again.

Tom, who was left behind by this movement, spurred on. Coming alongside he took from his breast-pocket a small letter-case, bound with silver edging and engraved with strange, foreign-looking characters.

"I was going to show you this," he said, handing it to her. "I picked it up last night just by the Rectory."



At the mention of the Rectory Maud flushed slightly, and took the pocketbook.

"It's a very curious affair, isn't it?" said Tom, taking the opportunity to edge his roan a little nearer the mare.

"Very," said Maud. "I cannot see any name on it, and all these strange figures I do not understand."

"You mean the queer scribbling on the silver? Neither can I. We opened it last night to see if there was any name written inside, but it's filled with all sorts of odds and ends. Open it, Miss Chichester."

Maud hesitated.

"Do," said Tom eagerly. "There can be no harm; besides, you will be able to make something of it, perhaps."

Maud still hesitating, Tom took it from her hand, and, unfastening the clasp, passed it back to her.

"There it is, all written in some foreign language—Italian, I think Bell said; but I don't think she knows—anyhow, she couldn't make any of it out."

"It is Italian," said Maud quietly, looking at the first page, and with a sudden gesture, almost of fright, she closed the book sharply, and, turning pale, said in a low voice:

"I know to whom it belongs!"

"Of course you do, Miss Chichester," said Tom. "I told them I'd bet a thousand pounds to one that you'd read it. And who is the owner, Miss Chichester?"

"Mr. Durant," said Maud, turning her face away and stroking the mare.

"Mr. Durant—of course; what a duffer I am! He's the fellow who, they say, is mad—"

"Mad!" repeated Maud, almost fiercely. "Who says so?"

Tom looked positively frightened.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Chichester," he said. "Upon my word—oh, do forgive me. I forgot he was a friend of yours. What an idiot I am, Miss Chichester! I——"

Maud stopped him with a faint smile.

"Pray, do not apologize," she said. "You have said nothing wrong—at least, you have only repeated what you have heard. Will you tell me anything more they say?"

She hesitated.

"Of course I will—I'm bound to if you ask me," he added, aside. "But you won't blame me for what the idiots say, will you, Miss Chichester?"

"Oh, no; not since he disappeared," said Tom, delighted to continue the conversation, and still flushing at Maud's gentle thanks. "Not since he's gone. That's what makes it odd. He must have made the row. Some of them say that he could play on the organ, for they had heard the servants telling about the way in which he played at the Hall."

Maud crimsoned.

"They should not speak of things which occur at the Hall," she said with gentle gravity.

"Of course not," said Tom, with evidence of distress. "And I'm a thickhead to repeat it to you again. I'm always blundering, Miss Chichester."

"No, no," said Maud, pitying his evident sorrow.

Then there was a silence, which Maud broke just as they were close upon Tom's sisters, by asking, with a slight hesitation:

"Where does the man you were speaking of live? Could my brother find him, do you think?"

"Charley White, do you mean, miss? Oh, he's left the country and gone no one knows where. Why, Sir Fielding warned him off the estate, I think. Yes, I'm sure he did—for poaching. Shall I try and find him for you, Miss Chichester?" he asked eagerly. "If you want him, I'd find him if I had to search the whole world——"

"Oh, no, no, no," said Maud; "I only wanted to—to—give him a little money in case he might have been hurt——"

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of Charley White coming off much of a loser, anyway, Miss Chichester," said Tom with a laugh. "He was hurt, I know, for I saw the marks of the parson's hand; but he got a lot of money—nearly twenty pounds I think he said—and he would have been glad to break every limb in his body for half the sum."

Maud made no further remark, seemingly forward, but at Tom's alarmed exclamation suddenly regained her composure, and said, though faintly:

"Go on, please—go on."

"Well, but aint you ill, Miss Chichester? Oh, do let me ride on for Vinney."

"No, no," said Maud eagerly, laying her hand on his arm in her earnestness. "Go on, please."

Tom flushed burning hot at the pressure of the small fingers, which he could feel trembling painfully, and continued:

"Well, I'm sure I'm frightening you, I'm so stupid! Well, Charley stooped down and touched him, but he didn't move, and seemed so cold that the old man thought he really was dead. But, just as a chance, he took out his brandy-flask and poured a little on his lips. In a minute the parson—I beg your pardon, Mr. Durant—moved and spoke one word—a name, Charley said—though he couldn't tell me what, only remembering the last part of it, which was like 'ece.' Then Charley forced some brandy through his lips, and suddenly Mr. Durant sprang to his feet, knocking the flask out of Charley's hand, and, grasping him by the throat, lifted him clean off the ground. Old Charley thought he was being scragged—choked, you know—but he couldn't hillos, and felt his heart die to nothing as the parson, gripping him with his hand like iron, growled like a tiger: 'You fellow, you were listening. You have heard me speak. You need not deny it—I see it by your face. I'll ——' Here Charley White got his neck up and groaned out that he'd found him lying like a corpse, and that he'd brought him to. The parson fixed him with his eyes as if he'd read his soul, Old Charley said, then dropped him, and, taking a handful of money from his pocket, bound him over in three or four words not to tell a soul of what had occurred, and told him to 'go.' Old Charley meant to keep his word, but I came across him one night when he'd had a drop to drink, and he spouted it out."

Maud, whose head had gradually dropped upon her bosom, raised it and looked at him with a dreamy smile.

"Thank you," she said gently. "It is very kind of you to take so much trouble. You are always very kind;" then, drawing a long breath, added: "Is the music still to be heard at the Rectory?"

"Oh, no, not since he disappeared," said Tom, delighted to continue the conversation, and still flushing at Maud's gentle thanks. "Not since he's gone. That's what makes it odd. He must have made the row. Some of them say that he could play on the organ, for they had heard the servants telling about the way in which he played at the Hall."

Maud crimsoned.

"They should not speak of things which occur at the Hall," she said with gentle gravity.

"Of course not," said Tom, with evidence of distress. "And I'm a thickhead to repeat it to you again. I'm always blundering, Miss Chichester."

"No, no," said Maud, pitying his evident sorrow.

Then there was a silence, which Maud broke just as they were close upon Tom's sisters, by asking, with a slight hesitation:

"Where does the man you were speaking of live? Could my brother find him, do you think?"

"Charley White, do you mean, miss? Oh, he's left the country and gone no one knows where. Why, Sir Fielding warned him off the estate, I think. Yes, I'm sure he did—for poaching. Shall I try and find him for you, Miss Chichester?" he asked eagerly. "If you want him, I'd find him if I had to search the whole world——"

"Oh, no, no, no," said Maud; "I only wanted to—to—give him a little money in case he might have been hurt——"

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of Charley White coming off much of a loser, anyway, Miss Chichester," said Tom with a laugh. "He was hurt, I know, for I saw the marks of the parson's hand; but he got a lot of money—nearly twenty pounds I think he said—and he would have been glad to break every limb in his body for half the sum."

Maud made no further remark, seemingly persuaded from her purpose, and Tom, after waiting a moment, said suddenly:

"Would you mind, Miss Chichester, keeping this thing? I don't know Mr. Durant, and I'm likely to lose it, besides."

Maud hesitated for a moment, then said quietly:

"I will keep it if you wish it, Mr. Gregson, but I don't think it would be less safe with you."

"Oh, yes, it would," said Tom.

And he gave it to her.

At this moment she caught up to the two Miss Gregsons, who assailed the pair with a volley of questions and playful reproaches.

"Where have you two been?" said Miss Bella; "for it's too cruel of you to keep Miss Chichester all to yourself like this. I wonder you let him, Miss Chichester."

Tom growled something under his breath about minding their own business, but looked radiantly happy, and Maud said gently:

"Mr. Gregson has been very kind indeed. We have had quite an interesting conversation."

"Dear me," said Miss Lavinia, laughing, though not ill-naturedly. "I am astonished; I didn't think you could be interesting, Tom—did you, Bella?"

"They're too hard on me, aint they, Miss Chichester?" said Tom, flushing. "They're jealous of you keeping with me so long—that's what they are. I wish you'd wake the mare up and have a gallop. The girls' horses are not half so fast, and we could——"

Here, suddenly awaking to the audacity of his proposition, he flushed, coughed, and fidgeted to such an extent that his sisters burst into laughter, while Maud herself could not help smiling.

In the midst of this merriment a pony-carriage dashed round a corner of the heath, and Miss Bella, who was blessed with long vision, declared that Lady Mildred and Miss Lawley were seated therein.

In another minute her assertion was proved to be correct by the pony-carriage halting on the roadway and Lady Mildred's parasol being raised to beckon the riding party across.

"Well, girls," said Lady Mildred as the party clustered round the dainty little turn-out and poured forth a stream of salutations. "Mr. Gregson, how do you do? Carlotta and I are going to Chudleigh's flower-show. How is it you are not there, Maud?"

"Too early yet, aunt," said Maud; "it was to take place at three o'clock."

"Two o'clock Chud. told us—did he not, Carlotta?" said Lady Mildred.

"Yes," said Carlotta. "Perhaps he made a mistake."

"Very unlike Chud. if he did," said Lady Mildred emphatically. "Are you one of the judges, Mr. Gregson?"

"No, but my father is, Lady Mildred," said Tom. "I don't know a cabbage from a geranium."

"If it were a horse-show," said Bella, "Tom would be tolerably competent."

"If it were a bonnet-show," retorted Tom, "I know a young lady——"

"Come," said Lady Mildred, laughing, "I won't stay if you're going to tease each other. As it is, I don't know what to do. If we really are an hour too soon I shall scold Chudleigh severely."

"Drive round the moor, aunt, and we will gallop round and meet you. That will fill some of the time up," said Maud.

"But you are not going in your habits," said Lady Mildred, in comic dismay.

"Oh, yes, we are," said Bella. "It is a very unpretentious affair, Lady Mildred. Mr. Chichester allows only the villagers and laborers to exhibit, and the flowers are set out in the school-room. We are to walk through and see you distribute the prizes, and then ride back—isn't that to be it, Miss Chichester?"

"Yes," said Maud. "Chudleigh says it will be so crowded that we must not stay long."

"How thoughtful he is," said Lady Mildred to Carlotta. "Nothing seems to escape him when he is planning anything for the good of the villagers. I'll be bound he will work really hard to-day, give up his luncheon and very likely his dinner, just to please a set of people who really are never grateful."

Carlotta looked down coldly through her veil, which barely hid the sudden color that tinged her beautiful face.

"I fancy he does not do it for their gratitude," she said.

"Of course not," said Lady Mildred. "It's a matter of duty with him, and Chudleigh is perfectly Quixotic in his ideas of duty."

Carlotta made no reply, but, turning to Tom, asked him how a certain colt was progressing.

"Oh, very well, Miss Lawley," said Tom. "He'll turn out a good one, I think. He's clean about the legs—pretty head, too. You intimated you would come over and look at him, but you have not done so."

"I will," said Carlotta, "believe me."

"I got a letter from Hartfield this morning," said Tom as Carlotta gathered her reins in hand and raised her whip, the girls having already turned their horses' heads.

"Indeed?" she said calmly, her eyes fixed upon the off pony's head. "I hope Lord Crownbrilliants is better?"

"Hartfield says he's the same," said Tom; "but I don't think, from what I hear, that his lordship is likely to pull round."

Carlotta, still keeping her eyes fixed, said:

"I am very sorry to hear that."

"Yes," said Tom, "it's a bad job. Hartfield is the next Lord Crownbrilliants, you know."

The next moment he was alone, the ponies, obeying a sudden pull, starting off with sufficient spirit to jerk Lady Mildred's parasol from her hand, and spinning away at a pace which Tom mentally pronounced "stunning."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOCKIN' THE BARN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY J. W. MORGAN.

"Jamie, where ha' ye bin, my lad?
There's tallow upon your sleeve,
An' your face is just as red as your beard,
I verily do believe."
"I was out i' the barn a-lockin' up, sir,
For to keep the thieves awa';
You'll mind as ye told me not to forget
Just a week agane to-da'."

"Jennie, where ha' ye bin, my lass?
Your tresses are a' awree,
And the red on your cheeks is very red,
An' a sparkle is in your e'e."
"The win' was a-blowin' so dreary, sir,
That the candle-light was dim,
An' please, sir, I only went along
Just to hold it weel for him."

"Weel, many's the time I've lockt the barn,
An' I've still a clean coat-sleeve,
And Jennie held niver a light for me,
I verily do believe."
"There's somewhat comin', Gad bless ye both,
If I know what I'm about;
Take care that the dreary win' o' life
Blows niver your candle out."

Memphis, Tenn., 1877.

THE PLAY OF ALL PLAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HARRY PRIOR.

"May Cody" saw "Jane Eyre" on "Fifth Avenue" and gave her "Blow for Blow" for trying to mash "Buffalo Bill" during his "Life on the Border," where he fell in with "The Danites" and brought them to "The Dark City;" but it was so dark they couldn't see it, so they took a trip to "Saratoga," where they found out, without the aid of "The Mighty Dollar," that they couldn't stop at "Our Boarding-House." Seeing no "Life" there, they came back to New York in time to see "Colonel Sellers" give his "Baby" to "The Crushed Tragedian." When asked why he did so, he said it was "The Law of the Land" that "Nobody's Child" should be allowed "Behind the Scenes," and that he would run no "Risks," for "That Wife of Mine" has adopted "Two Orphans" just because there were pretty "Pink Dominos," and he couldn't afford to spend all his "Money" when he had just "Struck Oil." He then offered them some "Lemons," but they didn't like "Forbidden Fruit;" so "Amos Clark" proposed a trip to "Woodleigh," where they could sit "Under the Willows," and not be troubled by "The Poor of New York." One of the "Secret Service" gentlemen then came in and said: "I am looking for 'A Party by the Name of Johnson' who has just 'Escaped from Sing Sing;' but I have heard he married 'Miss Watkins,' and they are now on their 'Bridal Tour.'" It is strange "How Women Love" "Our Boys." "Rose Michel" loved "Ah Sin," but was "Led Astray" by "The Shaughraun," and then married "Poor Jo" through "Pique." They couldn't be happy together as "Man and Wife," so they "Parted." And now I myself will take "The Overland Route" "Across the Continent" in time to be present at the "Marriage" of "Smike" and "The Princess Royal."

A NEW YEAR'S TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The five Miss Briggs, on New Year's Day, sat waiting in a line—
The youngest of them twenty-eight, the oldest thirty-nine;
Across the street they see the Browns have callers by the score,
But not a single visitor has trod *their* parlor floor.

The Browns were young and giddy things—the oldest seventeen—
Were noisy, fat, and very rude, while *they* were tall and lean.
And so they sat and gnashed their teeth, and eyed the cake with scorn,
And hated all the table full which they had spread at morn.

They hated, too, their good papa, who, shivering in the blast,
Had gone without an overcoat to purchase their repast.
They jeered at all humanity, and sent their darkest frowns
Across the street with double force to crush those odious Browns.

At last, when night is coming on, and they are sad and sore,
A human man ascends the steps and pauses at the door.
Good gracious! how their pulses beat! "Who has he come to see?"
All of the five expectant wait, believing it is "she."

He rings the bell, his step is heard. How manly is his walk!
"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

J. S. F., Chicago.—1. The "low-comedian" does the funny business. Those who, for example, play the genteel lovers in farces are termed "walking gentlemen." They are mainly spoken of, and have little else to do than walk on and walk off. A "juvenile man" may be described as one who takes such parts as the "leading man" does not want. For example, in "The Hunchback" the "leading man" would play Master Walter; the "leading man" would or ginarily be cast for Sir Thomas Clifford, but he might prefer Modus, which otherwise would go to the "juvenile," who could also play Sir Thomas, while being wholly unable to wrestle with Master Walter. It can be played with both or with either. 3. Samuel French's Son, 122 Nassau street, this city, publish "Anderson's Guide, Handbook and Manual," "The Guide to the Stage," and "The Art of Acting." Either Guide for the 15 cents, the price of the first is 25cts., of the other two, 10cts. each.

PARTNERS, N. Attleboro.—1. Four threes and a nine count 24. Four threes and a six count but 21. 2. The error consists in reckoning the mind's eye as consisting of as few points as possible in four numbers. Such is the case, but with pairs only; there are but four combinations of triplets. The question was submitted to those who have been playing the game all their life. The error was in fact, but the fault was ours in relying wholly upon his judgment in a matter that, as it was not his funeral, could not concern him deeply. We thought to save time, and now (as the sardonic Sheridan) it is among the best. 3. In his race with Wallace Ross, Hanlan rowed a cedar boat built by G. and J. Warin of Toronto, Ont.

J. H. D., San Francisco. 1. The House of Refuge in 1850 was on Twenty-third street, near the East River. About 1854 it was transferred to Randall's Island. 2. The present New York Hotel is on the west side of Broadway, about four hundred feet from Astor place, where it has been for many years.

WALTER, Cincinnati.—1. It is a matter of opinion. We might prefer one to the other, but it would subserve no good purpose for us to say so. 2. One of these parties has in his time received as high as $250 per week. The salary that either gets now is obviously a matter that should not be made public.

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H. DE B., Boston.—1. You can copyright your adaptations of French plays. 2. One copyright covers the whole of the United States. 3, 4. By addressing a letter, with stamp inclosed for answer, to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.; he will send you full printed instructions.

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CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—The Boston Penny Savings bank is located at No. 1,321 Washington street, and the Five-cent Savings bank at No. 38 School street.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—Such a thing probably not has been performed in Niblo's Garden during the past two years.

G. A. D., Buffalo.—Born in Grand street, this city, Nov. 2, 1817. First appeared in 1836 in Petaluma, Cal., but had previously been before the public as a singer.

BLACK TIGER, Phila.—It is not possible for anyone to conscientiously decide it. "There is nothing new under the sun."

R. S. S., Boston.—The party has no right to do it. It is discourteous to the player, and, as it may guide him as to his next hands, it is unfair to his opponents.

J. F. W., Lincoln.—Such a shot, fairly made, would be legitimate; but it is long odds that you would, in one of two ways, make a "foul."

BLOKE.—The pantomime is not for sale. You can get "La statue Blanche" of Samuel French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city. Cannot say where you can get the music.

MISS M. J., Corinth.—1. You will see her whereabouts recorded in our dramatic summary each week. 2. We prefer not to recommend anyone.

WILDWOOD, Vermont.—1. We do not know where you could obtain it. 2. A letter addressed in our care might reach him.

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CONSTANT READER, San Francisco

BILLIARDS.

A SQUARE DENIAL FROM SEXTON.—The many friends of William sexton, who have always found him "straight as a die" in his dealings with the public, cannot but regret that he has been given occasion to incite the appended card:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Dec. 25.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Concerning the unworthy rumors that have of late been busy with my name, I wish it to be distinctly understood by you and all other friends that I never offered to play Cyrille Dion any kind of a match-game here or anywhere else in the South. Everything that has been published about Messrs. Daly and Dion and myself having formed a combination to "fleece the public of New Orleans" is false beyond comparison. I speak here in behalf of Daly and Dion because the combination is said to have been made up in the room kept by myself and Mr. Strauss. As Mr. Slosson's name has also been involved, permit me to emphatically deny, in his behalf and my own, that I ever proposed, or even that I ever told anyone that I had proposed, to pay his expenses to New Orleans. Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM SEXTON.

DALY AND DION IN THE CRESCENT CITY.—The correspondence below records several matters of interest:

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 26, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Daly and Dion arrived here to-day, both being in good health, and report having had a good time on their trip. Upon their arrival measures were at once instituted to get up a tournament, and it looks now as if it would be successful. Lacoume of the St. Charles or Walker of the Crescent will probably take the matter in hand. Sexton has been in very hard luck since he has been here. First, his exhibitions were not any too well attended, on account of the dull times; then he has been sick most of the time; and yesterday, Christmas, some sneak-thief broke into his room and stole all his clothes except those he had on, and William says he will give the thief even those if he calls again when he (William) is at home. All the players unite in saying that the report concerning their presence here is erroneous in every particular, and all thank THE CLIPPER for correcting the same. L. B.

VIGNAUX AND PIOT.—These French experts, as we learn through a letter from Vignaux himself, recently played a game of 5,000 points at a club-room in Paris, the members of the club having offered a gold watch to the victor. It was virtually a series of exhibitions extending over a period of several nights, and Vignaux, who averaged 20 in the 5,000, won by 1,120 points. He is again domiciled in Paris, is not under engagement with Charles Lacoume to appear in New Orleans, has no present intention of visiting the United States, and thinks there is more money in Paris for an American player than there is anywhere in the United States for a French player. Dan Strauss, Sexton's late partner, thinks of taking Sexton or some other American player over there this Summer; or, if Vignaux will make the stake large enough, he will give him $1,000 to come here. In fact, Strauss will do anything in reason for the furtherance of sport.

THE CHAMPION'S PROJECTS.—In a note accompanying his card, which has a place elsewhere in this column, William Sexton states that he has been unwell since his arrival in New Orleans, but is taking good care of himself, and expects to be all right in a few weeks' time. He will play no match games in the South; but, if a tournament is gotten up, he will enter into it. And he requests us to state that, should anyone desire to play him for the medal, he will come to this city and defend that emblem about the middle of March next.

SAM KNIGHT SUMMONED TO THE TRIANGLE.—To bind the subjoined challenge, we have received $250:

FRANKFORT, Ky., Dec. 29, 1877.

FRANK SCHAEFER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I herewith deposit in your hands the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars as a forfeit with this challenge to play Samuel Knight a match game of fifteen-ball pool, for $500 a side. Said match to be played in a public hall. Table and size of balls to be mutually agreed upon. This challenge to remain open for one week from date of issue of this paper. The match to be played within two weeks from the date of acceptance. G. WAHLSTROM.

N. Y., Dec. 29, '77. "Rudolph's," 160 Broadway.

CONCERNING JACOB SCHAFER'S challenge from Boston to play P. Rudolphe or Garmer in that city for a possible $250 a side, the former wishes us to state that the business of his room here is such that he cannot go to distant cities to play matches for small amounts.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF SCOTLAND.—On Dec. 14, at the Trades Hall, Glasgow, Joseph Saler was defeated by W. M. Green by 348 in 1,000, English game. Green has held the championship for several years. He made the longest run, 119.

YANK ADAMS has been visiting Melvin Foster's and other rooms in the East, and by his finger-play has confirmed the high opinion entertained of him at the West.

E. J. PLUNKETT has been engaged to manage Shaffer's room, St. Paul street, Baltimore.

BASEBALL.

BALL TALK.

There is a general complaint by the press of League-club cities in regard to the exacting character of the regulations adopted at the recent convention governing the intercourse of League clubs in 1878 with non-League teams. *The Boston Herald* makes out quite a gloomy picture for the coming season. It says, as a result of League legislation, that "the annual matches between the Bostons and Harvard University nine, which have been witnessed with so much pleasure, cannot occur in Boston the coming year. The skill of the rival Lowells and plucky Manchesters cannot be seen in Boston; for on no consideration will they be allowed to play here. In a word, all games in League cities will be confined to League clubs. In non-League cities there will be games between non-League clubs, the same as last year, except that the matches will be fewer of a local than an immaterial character." While it was certainly desirable to reduce the number of League contests for 1878—too many having been played in 1877—it was a great mistake to enact the arbitrary regulations they have done in reference to playing non-League clubs. Where would the League teams of 1877 have been in point of gate money if they had not their remunerative contests with the non-League clubs? As for the $100 guaranty and the $50 forfeit rule, that will either have to be repealed, or no games will be played. The result of the League legislation in this respect has given an admirable opportunity to the advocates and friends of the International Association to place that organization on a permanent basis at the next ensuing year's work. This the Cincinnati Club have failed to do for the past two years, and this year they place in the field almost an entirely new team, which could not take a season's play to work together as a whole team. Look at the Bostons—they have engaged the services of but one new player. This changing of teams year after year, making the nines experimental teams in every respect season after season, must result in failure. The Cincinnati nine of 1877, as recently stated, is as follows: Jas. White, c.; Wright, p.; Sullivan, 1st b.; Gerhardt, 2d b.; McVey, 3d b.; Geer, s. s.; Jones, l. f.; Pike, c. f.; Kelly, r. f. All but Jones and Pike are new men, who have never played in a match together. Who is to maintain this team as it should be captained, so as to work them into a harmonious team? Not a player named above is competent for the duty, from the fact that each one of them combines all the requisites of a captain. The nearest, perhaps, is James White ..... What has become of the Douglas Hartford team? A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers stating that Mr. Douglass is trying to raise stock to join the League. We thought he had a full League organization. What is the trouble now, Benjamin?..... The Milwaukee Club has engaged Croft of the St. Louis nine, and Clapp of the same nine is to catch in 1878 for the Indianapolis Club. Snyder of the St. Louis—new team—he transferred his services to Boston to help catch for Bond ..... Crooked-ness has its own penalties, aside from that of expulsion. An instance of this is seen in the fact that Devlin, the Louisville pitcher of 1877, who, had he done right, would now have been in receipt of a large salary, can now scarcely get six dollars a week at anything for which he is capable of engaging in..... The Indianapolis team in batting and fielding skill will be a strong one. Pratt and Nolan as one set of pitchers and catchers, and Clapp and McCormick as the other, with Mack, Quest and Williamson on the bases, Nelson as shortstop, and Schafer, McKelvy and Warner in the outfield. Here are eleven fine players, but the man who has the duty of managing them will have a difficult task to make them work harmoniously and peacefully..... Richmond, Va., has a professional nine for 1878 ..... There are enough professional players in the metropolis and its vicinity, now doing little or nothing, to make a dozen good club teams ..... By does Wont the Chicago Club retain the services of that faithful player Peters? With him in hispo-sition, Ferguson at third, Hankinson at second, and Joe at home at first, they would have a splendid infield. The meeting of delegates to the International Association at Buffalo has been deferred until February, so as to enable newly-organized clubs to join the Association. There will be no convention held in Chicago. A feature of next season's work will be the series of grand matches for the championship of the State of New York, in which the strong nines of Syracuse, Ithaca, Buffalo, Rochester, Auburn, Hornellsville, Brooklyn and New York will take part. These contests should fully equal the best games in the League cities, as they will play in this State for season. ....General Thos. S. Dakin, who twenty years ago was one of the noted baseball pitchers of the day, as he is now a noted rifle-shot, will present to the Capt. of the champion club of the United States for 1878 a splendid gold mounted willow baseball bat, which was sent him from England twenty years ago. The character of the recipient must be exceptional, as well as his skill in a practical knowledge of the game. The award will be made by a committee of three to be selected by General Dakin, and who will select the player from the team of the champion club..... The snap of cold weather which set in on New-Year's eve gives promise of some skating at Prospect Park, in which case some baseball games will be played on the ice there. Messrs. Bunce and Barnie selecting the nines..... Ferguson is not at the Cleveland Convention at all; Douglass wrote to him to go, but said nothing about expenses..... The White Brothers have signed to play in Cincinnati. This is getting to be a good men. White should be made captain..... Leeds, late captain of the Harvard College nine, recently played in a baseball game in Yokohama, Japan. Sides were chosen, representing Tokio and the American fleet against Yokohama, the latter's nine including Leeds and Churchill of Harvard College..... Ben Douglass has transferred his Hartford team to Providence, and the Rhode Island nine of 1878 will, therefore, consist of Allison, c.; Nicholls, p. (New Haven Nicholls); Murnan, Sweasy, 2d b.; Hagen, 3d b.; Casey, s. s.; Start, 1st b.; Hines, and Higham in the field, with Brady as sub. This is a strong team..... The Boston Club have engaged the services of that fine catcher Snyder of the Louisville nine of 1877. This will leave the nine of 1878 as follows: Snyder, Bond, Morrill, Burdock, Sutton, Geo. Wright, Leonard, O'Rourke, and Manning.

OUR BOYS vs. MUTUAL.

On Dec. 25 a match game took place at Youngsville, Pa., between the above-named clubs, resulting in a defeat of the Mutuals by two runs. McCullough's pitching was rather too much for the Mutuals.

OUR BOYS.	R.	MUTUAL.	R.
Mead, 1st b.	2	Short, s. s.	1
L. McKinney, r. f.	0	Delong, c.	0
Kinnear, 2d b.	1	Bigrie, 1st b.	0
Walker, 3d b.	1	McKinney, p.	1
Chapel, c.	3	Thompson, 2d b.	0
Davis, s. s.	0	Nutting, c. f.	2
Currie, l. f.	0	Evans, r. f.	1
Stewart, c. f.	1	Jones, l. f.	1
McCullough, p.	4	Smiley, 3d b.	2
Total	12	Total	10

PEDESTRIANISM.

THATCHER AND PERKINS.

Concerning the two mile walking match between William Perkins, champion, and Harry Thatcher, who recently visited America and was beaten by Lester Dole at the N. Y. A. C. grounds, *The* (London) *Sporting Life* of Dec. 19 says: "Yesternight, at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, there was a crowded house to witness the match, which fell through at the last moment, owing to Perkins having strained himself badly, and a medical certificate was handed to our representative which certified that he was not in a fit state to walk. This announcement created much confusion, but finally Thatcher toed the mark to walk over. It was announced that to complete the two miles he would have to cover 150 circuits, and he went off at a rare pace, finishing his first mile in 6m. 53s. and his second in 7m. 12s., the time for the two miles being 14m. 5s. Anybody who has any knowledge of pedestrianism must thoroughly understand how absurd is such an exhibition, as it is quite impossible for anyone to walk with any degree of freedom and fairness round so confined a circle. Be that as it may, Perkins having given up the match, Thatcher is entitled to the stakes (£30."

"FISH" CARTER of West Philadelphia and John Thomas of Newark, N. J., ran 100 yards on Dec. 24 at the Centennial Baseball Ground, Philadelphia. A very even start was made, but Carter cantered home an easy winner in 10½ seconds, and it is said that, if he had been at all pressed, the colored champion of the Quaker City would have cut these figures down materially. Bill Faldon acted as starter, and Joe Buckley as referee.

A. LEE, who ran a foot-race at Massillon, O., with Frank Buttery on or about Sept. 15, 1877, or Harry Pearce, his backer, can learn something of much importance to them by communicating with Thos. Cox of the American Hotel, Canal Dover, O.

JOHN T. MALONEY and Charles F. Little ran 150 yards, for $100 a side, at Fall River, Mass., Dec. 25. They kept company for seventy-five yards, when Maloney drew ahead, finally winning by five or six yards. Starter, A. Donaldson; referee, Harry Waring.

FRANK BRADLEY of Knigotsbridge, in a match against time, to walk seven and a quarter miles in an hour, for £5, accomplished the task in 58m. 35s. The first mile was walked in 7m. 29s.

J. WHEAT, the dark-skinned pedestrian, formerly of Pittsburg, Pa., but now of this city, and c. Prior of Newark, N. J., ran 120yds. at the Mott Haven, N. Y., grounds Dec. 22, the latter winning by eighteen inches. Time, 13½sec.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Continued from page 327.

J. W. BAIRD'S NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS performed in Reading, Pa., Dec. 26 to ordinary business, Allentown 27, Mauch Chunk 28, Hazleton 29, and are billed in Pittston 31, and Scranton Jan. 1, 1878.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are to show in Titusville, Pa., Dec. 31, Oil City Jan. 1, 1878, Akron, O., 2, Dayton 3, and Louisville, Ky., 4, 5.

PRESENTATION.—Bryant's Minstrels closed a highly-successful engagement of three weeks' duration in Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 20, under the management of W. C. Smythe, and during that evening's performance Mr. S. was called upon the stage by Joseph Norris, who, in a neat speech, presented him with a massive gold watch and chain upon behalf of the members of that troupe. The watch bears upon its case the monogram "W. C. S.," and upon an inner case is engraved the following inscription: "Presented to Wm. C. Smythe by the members of Bryant's Minstrels as a token of their esteem for him as a manger, and for his energy, honesty, courtesy, and liberality, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 29, 1877." In the bar of the chain is a gold lead pencil.

CIRCUSES.

CHARLES GAYLER has been engaged as press agent of P. T. Barnum's show for 1878.

BURR ROBBINS, manager of the establishment which bears his name, was in the city the past week.

FRANCIS M. KELSH, general agent of the new D. W. Stone Circus, is spending the Winter in New York, assisting in the fitting-out.

IT IS RUMORED that John H. Murray and J. M. Nixon will put a circus company in the Bowery Theatre Jan. 7, for a short season.

FRED BAILEY, who is better known in the circus business as Shang Williams, is rusticating at the Hot Springs, Ark.

JOE ENOCHS has returned to Philadelphia, where he was recently presented by his friends with a handsome gold-headed cane.

ENOCH W. C. GREENE, for many years publisher and editor of *The Sunday Transcript*, Philadelphia, died Dec. 27, in that city. About twenty-five years ago he was acting as a circus advance-agent, first going out in that capacity for Levi J. North.

JOHN HADLEY, the well-known animal-tamer and performer, signifies through a card in our advertising columns, his willingness to accept an engagement for the coming season. He is now wintering in Philadelphia, where his friends a short time ago presented him with a valuable diamond pin, for which he returns his thanks.

ELEPHANTS, giraffes, a den of performing animals, also circus wagons and cages, are advertised for sale cheap by W. C. Coup.

ALBERT AYMAR is keeping a bowling-alley and restaurant in Berrien Springs, Mich.

A NEW SHOW, it is announced, is to start out from Adrian, Mich., next season.

ROMEO SEBASTIAN can be engaged for next season by addressing care of this office.

PETE CONKLIN has been engaged as clown for the Eiarr Robbins Circus.

BURR ROBBINS' CIRCUS is in Winter-quarters at Janesville, Wis., and will take the road about May 1, 1878.

A YOUNG MAN as understander in brother-act is wanted by A. C. Robert, who advertises.

W. W. COLES' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE close a successful season of forty weeks in Helena, Ark., Jan. 5, 1878, and ship to St. Louis, for Winter-quarters. It was the first show out and the last one in.

JAMES L. HUTCHINSON, now with Van Amburgh & Co. in the South, will control all privileges next season with the Great London Show.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER, dated Sydney, N. S. W., Nov. 14, received in this city by Frank Whittaker, and which we have been permitted to peruse, we learn that the Cooper & Bailey show were to have opened their season Nov. 26. Nat Austin and wife have been engaged for another year. The company had been to Java, and, owing to the prevalence of cholera and yellow fever, they were glad to get back to Australia..... The Japanese boy billed as "Little All-right" died in Batavia, Java..... The management secured there a fine orangoutang and a very large lion..... Several of the canvasmen died of fever..... James Robinson, wife and boy, also Gorman and Polly Lee, have gone to France. Business was large in Java.

J. B. SANDERS, contortionist, wire-walker and second clown, advertises that he can be engaged for the tenting season.

FRANK A. GARDNER, equestrian and leaper, can be engaged for the season of 1878. He publishes a card in another column of interest to managers, also a challenge to leapers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN CHICAGO, ILL., at the Tabernacle, the baby-show barely paid its expenses. Manager Kit Clarke left a little ahead of time, forgetting to distribute the primary coin. Consequently, there is much weeping and wailing among the proud parents in infantdom..... At the West-end Opera-house, Maj. T. A. Ward gives his ventriloquial and "Punch and Judy" entertainment afternoons Dec. 29, Jan. 1..... Robert Collyer is to lecture Dec. 30 in the regular Unitarian Course..... Mrs. Abbey Sage-Richardson gave a farewell reading Dec. 28. She also read an address before the Educational Association at Springfield, Ill., Dec. 28, giving readings there on the same evening. She is also shortly to deliver six lectures in Milwaukee.

PROF. CROMWELL'S ART PICTURES were exhibited at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, during the week ending Dec. 29 to a large business.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Madison (Wis.) Opera-house advertises that he desires to arrange for a series of entertainments during the coming session of the State Legislature in that town.

A BABY SHOW will be held at the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing Dec. 31.

G. B. BUNNELL'S Living Curiosity Show did a good business in Newark, N. J., last week, and will continue this, with additional attractions.

TRILLIANA'S TRANSFIGURATION is billed to show in Newark, N. J., Jan. 3.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is to lecture in Newark, N. J., Jan. 3, on "Wastes and Burdens of Society."

NEW HALL, Elizabethtown, Ky., is advertised as open for rental. Address stage, scenery, etc.

SIG. LA CARDO, ventriloquist, with his Silver Show, and W. P. Jones, organist and vocalist; Harry Gleason, business-agent; and Charles Lee, manager, is to show in Melhopany, Pa., Jan. 3, 4, 5, Lacyville 7, 8, 9, Athens 10, 11, 12, Horseheads, 14, 15, 16, Elmira 17, and Painted Post 17, 18, 19. Business is reported fair.

P. W. SHRADER, agent, advertises for engagements.

MOZART HALL, Richmond, Va., has just been refitted and can be rented by applying to H. C. Wyatt, as per card. It has a seating capacity of over 1,000, and it is stated that its accommodations, stage and fittings are ample and first-class.

THOSE who propose to entertain the citizens of Cheyenne, Wy., are referred to the advertisement of Recreation Hall, a house in that town which furnishes a seating capacity of 500, a stage, scenery, etc., and can be secured, licensed, by addressing Joslin & Arnold, the proprietors.

HEALY'S HIBERNIAN MINSTRELS and McEvoy's New Hibernian were in Leavenworth, Kan., Dec. 24, 25, Atchison 26, 27, Kansas City, Mo., 28, 29, and are billed in Lawrence, Kas., 31 and Jan. 1, Topeka 2, 3, Fort Scott 4, 5. The company includes the Murrays—Ed. and Alice—the "Merry" Austins—Charley and Emma—John F. Riley, Billy McGann, John E. Henshaw, Kitty Emmet, James A. Graham, Harry Armstrong, James Armstrong, John Snell, Fred Miller, Chas. Lilley, John Geary, Chas. Dennistaid, Geo. Paine, Albert Le Roy, Dr. John E. Healy, proprietor; Jule F. Morse and Frank Carr, agents. Bryan O'Lynn joined the party in Chillicothe.

SIGNOR Bosco, magician, with C. Fox as agent, was in Dauphin, Pa., Dec. 25, 26, 27; he dedicated a new hall in Elizabethtown 28, and continued there 29, 31.

JUGGLING TOOLS and all kinds of magical apparatus can be obtained at T. W. Yost's advertised address.

PARK OPERA-HOUSE, Erie, Pa., can be rented or secured on sharing terms through Caughey & Sell, managers, who will play combinations from three to six nights in Erie and other towns in the vicinity.

THE NATIONAL CAT-SHOW is to commence in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., under the management of A. P. Peck, Jan. 21, and continue one week.

THE BREHAN FAMILY of Swiss Belringers are now in Philadelphia, giving entertainments in churches.

JAMES T. FIELDS lectured at Association Hall, Philadelphia, on December 24 and 25, the respective subjects being "Sydney Smith" and "Alfred Tennyson."..... Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston lectured at that establishment December 27, on "Ultimate America," and Mrs. Mary E. Calhoun will lecture there January 3, on the "Carburretted Hydrogen Ghost." Mr. Goodwin's series of lectures on art-subjects will be commenced January 5 at the Academy of the Fine Arts..... Maynard's "Around the World in Six Nights" will be exhibited at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, commencing December 31.

SIG. VALLO, whose address find elsewhere, prepares pupils for the dramatic and lyric stage.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Philadelphia, had an increase in the attendance during Christmas week, the special attractions including a distribution of gifts to children, and bicycle riding by J. Holman, an English expert..... At the Coliseum, "Punch and Judy," and "Paris by Night" were the attractions..... The Oriental Marionettes, General Mite and Miss Minnie Obom were on exhibition at Horticultural Hall..... Signor Belatti gave dime-entertainments at Concert Hall..... The Rink—with roller-skating—the cyclorama of the "Siege of Paris," and the Zoological Garden, also received their share of patronage during Christmas week.

MR. BUNNELL advertises for a ghost-show, and asks that only first-class parties apply.

HISTORICAL GROUPS of wax figures may be obtained of Mr. Bunnell, proprietor of the New American Museum, this city. See card.

BILLY MANSON, as he is professionally known, but in private life M. F. Dorin, has been engaged with a partner (F. P. Woodward) for some time past in publishing *The Sunday News* in Wilkesbarre, Pa. During the excitement attendant upon the recent election they inadvertly made use of some libelous language towards a prominent politician, and they were subsequently severally tried, convicted of libel and sentenced, on Dec. 20, to ten months' imprisonment on each indictment (twenty months in all), and to pay a fine of $1,400.

THE FIFTH-AVENUE LYCEUM, Pittsburg, Pa., can be rented through W. C. Smythe, who advertises.

THE CITY HOTEL, this city, invites the patronage of professional guests. See card.

AMATEUR.

THE CLIO CLUB of Cincinnati gave a paying entertainment at Thom's Hall, in that city, Dec. 28, the house being crowded. The programme consisted of the comedy of "Dollars and Cents," supplemented by the farce of "Andy Blake."..... The Davenport Club of the same city omitted its usual weekly performance 27. January 3 "The Love Chase" is to be performed..... The Shakespeare Club played "Loan of a Lover" at Avondale, O., 27. January 9 they give "Shadows."..... The Phœnix Club produced the opera of "Stradella" Dec. 31..... The Allemania Club, by way of a holiday relaxation, gave an amateur minstrel exhibition Dec. 29.

THE "N. N. C.'s" of Newark, N. J., will give their first entertainment Jan. 1. "Naval Engagements" and a farce will comprise the bill.

THE ARCADIAN SOCIETY is the name of an amateur company organized Dec. 21 in Brooklyn, L. I. The officers are J. J. Roach, president; J. B. Renauld, vice-president; J. J. Gallagher, secretary; and P. C. McKenna, treasurer.

MEYER WEIL, the original happy old man, is to have a benefit at Turn Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 8..... The Aurora Dramatic Association presented "Caste" and "Sarah's Young Man" in Kennedy Hall Dec. 27. "Dora" is in preparation..... "School" is to be performed at Union Hall Jan. 2 by members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union..... "The Colleen Bawn" and "The Widow's Victim" will be given for John J. Williams' benefit at Waitt's Hall, South Boston, Jan 1..... Frank L. Union receives a benefit in Paine Hall 8, appearing as Claude Melnotte to the Pauline of Susie West.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia repeated "The Merchant of Venice" at their performance Dec. 26..... The Mirror Dramatic Association performed "Married Life" and "Loan of a Lover" Dec. 27..... "My Uncle's Will" and "Caste" were performed at Parker Hall, Germantown, Dec. 28, in aid of the Germantown Hospital.

THE AMATEURS of Alexandria, Va., gave their first performance Dec. 24, acting "Isoline of Bavaria."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

J. L. TOOLE began an engagement at the Globe Theatre, London, Dec. 17.

"SALVINI" has appeared at the Salle Ventadour, Paris, in an Italian version of the late "Frederick Haim's" "Ingomar."

MRS. ANNIE M. WORSAM, wife of Thomas Worsam, theatrical costumer, and her sister, Miss Emily M. Joyce, were drowned in a pond near the National Schools, Merton, London, Eng., Dec. 5, under mysterious circumstances, the pond being upon private property, and not approachable by the main thoroughfare. The day was wet and foggy, and the unfortunate ladies were supposed to have lost their way and accidentally fallen into the pond, as no evidence of foul play was found.

THE THEATRE ROYAL at Cardiff, Wales, was destroyed by fire Dec. 11. It was an old and by no means handsome building, having been erected in 1827, and was, at the time of its destruction, managed by Mrs. Esmonde, who lost about £300. E. Price's company last had possession of the boards, and the conflagration is supposed to have been caused by some straw used in a scene in "The Scamps of Cardiff" taking fire in the paint-room.

"CLEOPATRA," Pietro Cossa's new five-act drama, was recently produced with indifferent success at the Valle Theatre, Rome, Italy.

MUSICAL.

MLLE. BILFANT-VAUCHELET, a soprano-vocalist, made her debut at the Folies Bergère, Paris, recently, as Isabelle in "Pre aux Clercs." She is described as having "everything in her favor, youth, grace, natural ability, and a voice of the purest quality, which she manages with infinite skill."

CIMAROSA'S "Il Matrimonio-Segreto" was performed in English at the Crystal Palace, London, Dec. 12, W. Grist having written a new version of the libretto. Miss Florence St. John, Madame Alice Barth, Madame Cave-Ashton, George Fox and Bernard Lane were in the cast.

THE autumn opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, closed Dec. 19. The profits amounted to nearly £5,000—a result obtained by paying the orchestra half the usual price and rejecting expensive stars.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE AMERICAN ARTISTS who at last advices, Dec. 15, were performing in the music halls of London, were: John Leclair, the Cawthorn Brothers, Mason and Dixon, and Baby Bindley.

MR. and MRS. WENNER is engaged at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., and returns to London at Whitsuntide.

THE WOOD TRIO and the Brothers Gilfort were at the New Star, Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 15.

THE PROITES appear nightly in "Les Jolies Kiss'engons" in the Christmas Pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, Scotland.

HARMAN AND ELSTON were performing at the Museum Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng., and J. H. Milburn and Richard Penny were at the Crystal Palace Concert Hall, same city, Dec. 15.

BILLY AMCROFT, "The Wild Man," put in the week commencing Dec. 10 at Pullon's Theatre of Varieties, Bradford, Eng. "The Solid Girl" (Miss Nelly MacEvoy) was at the People's Palace of Varieties, Liverpool.

ASHLEY, Smith and Hess are doing a "skating carnival" with Sam Hague's Minstrels.

THE AMERICAN TEAM—Wayne, Lovely, Cotton, and Birdue—began an engagement at the Alhambra Palace, Hull, Eng., Dec. 10, as did also the Brothers Wilkinson.

MARRIED, in England, Dec. 10, Sam Ranson, comedian, to Miss Blanche Slator, burlesque artist.

THE GARRETTA FAMILY, at our latest advices, Dec. 9, were performing in Hamburg, Germany.

MISS JENNIE BENSON, Baby Benson and American group opened at the Lane, Burnley, Lancashire, South African Diamond Fields, Nov. 14. The engagement promised to be very successful.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK THEATRE, BROADWAY.
HENRY E. ABBEY..... Lessee and Manager
NEW-YEAR'S WEEK.
EIGHTEENTH AND LAST WEEK
of the brilliant engagement of
MR. SOTHERN.
Every evening this week (except Friday)
DAVID GARRICK and a REGULAR FIX.
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FRANK A. GARDNER

CHAMPION LEAPER AND DOUBLE-SOMERSAUL

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Old Year is going out, and the New Year coming in. Many hearts are rejoicing, and many others breathing heavy sighs. To some the Old Year, like an old friend, has been kind and generous; to others it has been, like an old enemy, ungenerous and cruel. While some rejoice, others lament; and though old age, with the advent of each season, feels the heart bowed with regret at the departing moments, it can but heed the soft whisperings of the merry hour, which float around, stimulating its feeble steps to hope and journey on. The old man, who has but a few short "miles" farther to go on life's intricate course, ere the final end is reached, can but look back with tearful eyes, as he sees, through his veil of gloom, the Old Year leaving him with frowns and the New Year coming in with smiles, more for others than himself. He can but sigh regret at the march of Time and the hardships he has endured, and weep for the lost moments and lost joys. But when the cheering rays of the New Year burst upon his dimmed vision, a brighter day is fancy seen, and he instinctively brushes aside the regretful tear to welcome with others the new-born hopes that seem to be mingling their cheering tones with the chiming of the gladsome bells. Realizing such human feelings, many hearts may beat responsively to

THE OLD MAN'S FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

Give me thy parting hand, Old Year!
I'll shake it, though we're not been friends,
For thou hast often caused a tear
To dim the eye that Friendship lends.

True, we have known each other long—
Long, if twelve months with cares beset
May be enough to cause the tongue
To say farewell without regret.

I would have known thee as a friend,
Hadst thou but spared me half the pain
That, even now, my heart doth rend,
And fills my soul with sad refrain.

But no, thou wouldst not have it so;
I sought in vain thy friendly smile,
Yet all thou wouldst on me bestow
Were frowns of darkness all the while.

We've known each other—that is all—
But better far would it have been
Had I reposed beneath my pall
Ere first each other we had seen.

But, now we part, let's part as friends—
'Twere fitter thus to say farewell;
For oft on absence there attends
A thought that seeth all things well.

Yes, absence often turns the heart
From bitter soul to sweeter mind;
And though, whilst here, you've made it smart,
When gone, you may appear more kind.

THE WELCOME.

And now my other hand must shake
A welcome to the gay New Year;
But, ere I do it, let me take
From my worn cheek the bitter tear.

Come in, New Year! Your smiling face,
Though smiling not for me the while,
May shed a sweeter light and grace
Than life hath known for many a mile.

Yes, you and I may yet be friends—
At least, God grant it may be so;
Though on the course my life depends
Few miles are left for me to go.

Yet you may dry that bitter tear
Which was not shed in Friendship's name,
But which you saw when the Old Year
Was going out, as in you came.

It won't be much to soothe my way
And keep Life's flick'ring taper bright,
For long with you I may not stay;
But whilst I do, O feed the light!

T. M. DE HYLTON, M. D.

SHEPHERDS ALL, AND MAIDENS FAIR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME" ("BOSTON TOM, OR THE STORY OF A CONVICT").

CHAPTER II.—GREAT ST. SIMON APOSTLE.

Great St. Simon Apostle is not a church, though the name sounds like one; it is a court, and it stands behind Carmel Friars, in the very heart and centre of the city of London. Once there was a church, which, with its graveyard, occupied one whole side of the court. The population of the parish, which consisted of an acre and a half of ground, dwindled down by degrees to a dozen housekeepers, and the congregation of the church shrank in like proportion to a quarter of that number. Yet when the old church was pulled down and offices were built on the site, there were not wanting those who mourned for its loss. They left a part of the churchyard—a little strip of garden-ground laid out in flower-beds, and rejoicing in two trees, which still hold forth branches of foliage green in Spring, black in Summer, and yellow in the early Autumn. Stretching out these arms across the narrow court, they touch the dead-wall on one side and reach very nearly across to the windows on the other. Beneath the large tree lies the last remaining of the old tombstones. As for the other monuments, recording the birth, death, and virtues of so many burgesses and their wives, these were carted away into the wonderful land where all forgotten things go, so that the dead citizens whose headstones might have done to countless generations a perpetual service of admonition became at one fell swoop utterly forgotten. In spite of their eminent Christian virtues, they are no more remembered in modern London than if they had been so many woad-stained early Britons.

The houses on the left hand of Great St. Simon Apostle are three in number; they are large and stately houses of Queen Anne's time, built of brick, flat facade, and without ornament. They have porches projecting over the doors, and the doors themselves are reached by stone steps. Inside, these houses—once the houses of substantial merchants—possess broad, deep staircases; their balustrades are rich with blackened carvings in oak, costly and precious. Now the houses are let out into offices. The only house on the right-hand side of the court, standing on the site of the church, is a newly-built set of offices, with polished granite pillars, and carvings in quite the newest style. Beyond these chambers is the churchyard, on the right of which is a great dead-wall, the side of some vast warehouse; and across the end stands a house of three stories of the Georgian period, decorated in the middle with a shield. The shield is carved with the coat-of-arms of a late lord-mayor, deceased in this very house a hundred years ago. The house is Number Five Great St. Simon Apostle.

The court opens upon a square or place, part of Carmel Friars, closely hemmed in and girt round by buildings. A church is there, an old church with a round tower in the corner of the west front; the houses have crowded against it, so that there is nothing left open but the nave. If you were to look in at the door you would find that even the nave is more than the thin congregation want, because they have bricked up the chancel and built themselves a comfortable little chapel inside, with varnished oak walls, within the church; for this is the church of the Dutch, and within these oaken walls there gather every Sunday, to hear the Word after their own fashion and in their own language, all that remain of the once flourishing and prosperous colony of Hollanders.

There are two or three narrow passages tunneled under the houses, by which one gets in and out of this queer place; if you pass through one, you come to another square to which this passage is the only entrance. This is a square with four houses in it, one on each side. They are great, stately palaces, where once merchant-princes lived in ostentatious splendor. Now one of them is the headquarters of a small city company, and the other three are let out in offices. If you go through another passage, or a third or a fourth, you find yourself in one of the noisy, crowded arteries of the city.

All day long and every day, except Sunday and Saturday afternoon, Great St. Simon Apostle and the square and Carmel Friars are echoing with the ceaseless throb of hurrying feet. No one looks about him—no one loiters; no one stops to talk and laugh; no one turns his face to right or to left. Church and court; churchyard and trees; old tombstones and flower-beds; these are things which everybody sees every day, and never sees at all. The mystery of the forgotten past which clothes an old city as with a sunlit cloud, for those who have eyes to see, is nothing to the men who have every day to fight for money. Their ancestors lived and died where they worked; the citizens of London knew each other, and were known to each other; the rewards of a laborious life and an unspotted record were the civic distinctions which their descendants abandon to retail tradesmen; they gathered together on Sundays in their city churches, where now the Ritualist plays at Popery, and practices forbidden pranks to congregations gathered from the suburbs, or the mild old Evangelical drawls his well-thumbed sermon to an assemblage of half a dozen. The place is redolent of dead citizens; and if the ghosts of those old citizens could revisit the place where they lived, the living would have no room to stand among the dead.

But the living are too busy to think of their predecessors; only those who do not belong to the city can afford the luxurious emotions which arise from letting the thoughts flow backward up the stream of time. The clerks and the principals come at nine and ten, their thoughts intent on the things of the day. At five they go away, and then, as if by magic, these courts grow suddenly still. Quite still. Not a footfall, not the echo of a voice, not the banging of a door. The church itself cannot be more quiet than the court without; and save for a faint rumble of wheels, which falls softly on the ear in this sheltered spot, one might think oneself in a city of the dead, or a city at the early morning, or in a city of some theatre erected by some scene-painter and waiting for a cloud of supers to play at the imaginary bustle of a crowded street.

All Sunday, too, save for the bells that bang and clash about the city, calling a people that are no longer there to hear, and except for the few minutes when the Dutchmen walk down the flags on their way to and from their service, the court and square are quite still and empty. If there be housekeepers in those great houses, they are never seen; if the invisible housekeepers have friends, they never come to see them; if a boy were to rush into one of these courts with a whoop, his voice would drop before he got half-way through it, for the silence of the place would fall on him, and the hollow echoes, taking up his cry, would send it round and round from one wall to another, as if in every corner were nestled a mocking ghost of some boy dead and gone. But no boys ever come, because in that part of the city there are no boys. To find them you must go to the other side of Bishopsgate street, where are Houndsditch and the Marks and a swarming hive of humans.

The only thing to be seen about Great St. Simon Apostle during this time of calm and rest was the figure of a girl. When the evenings were light—that is, from April until the end of October—she used to glide out from Number Five, the house at the end, and pass along the little churchyard, when the last straggler was gone and the last office shut. Had they known—some of those rollicking young city blades—what a pearl of beauty lay hidden in the upper story of Number Five, I think they would not have been in such a hurry to huddle their papers in the safe, and be off and away to the West, where all manners of pleasure are found. Or had they known how, on Sunday morning, this maiden might have been seen sitting on the benches in the church among the Dutchmen, herself fairer than the fairest tulip among that bulbous race, they too might have had heretical yearnings in the direction of the Dutch persuasion, and become strangers for a time to their spick-and-span suburban church. The girl is Lettice Langton. She is rather taller than the average height of girls; she stoops a little as she walks, but that is from walking a great deal alone; her eyes are generally cast downwards. If those eyes were looking you full in the face, you would see that they are of a deep blue—full eyes, which are clear, but not too bright. And if she held her head upright, as she should, because she is as straight as a lance, and her figure is as perfect as Diana's, you would notice what a delicately shaped head it is, and your eyes would fall upon a face which is marked especially by sweetness and purity. There are some girls' faces which bear that expression habitually, and never lose a certain haunting shadow of it, whatever their after-life may be. But to bear it as a seal upon the forehead, the mark of an ever-present abiding spirit and influence, that girl's mind must be set habitually upon things high and noble.

It is a Saturday afternoon at the end of October, in the year 1876. Outside the city the day is one of those bright autumnal days, with a clear sky overhead, and a soft mist hanging upon the trees; when, in the morning, myriads of threads, dotted with pearls of dew, stretch along the hedges; when the last of the flowers are struggling against the season, the mignonette, sweet to the last, the chrysanthemum and the aster; when the mind rests in the memory of the long Summer, like an old man, placid and calm, in the evening of a good day's work. In the city it was nothing but a fine day.

On Saturday afternoon, and at half-past three o'clock, Great St. Simon Apostle is perfectly deserted; not a footstep in the passages; not one up n the staircases; the front doors of Carmel Friars are all closed, the blinds down; no voice anywhere. Only the door of the Dutch church is open, because they are preparing for to-morrow's service; and as all the preparation necessary is conducted by an old woman brandishing a duster, the proceedings are not noisy.

Stay! a light footstep—the door of Number Five is open, and a girl is standing on the steps looking out. She is dressed for outdoors, in hat and jacket—other girls would say that the former was old, and the latter a little out of fashion; also they would remark that her dress is cheap, and her gloves worn and mended. Then they would turn up their noses, if they were common girls; if they were girls gifted with good breeding which comes from the heart, they would pity her apparent poverty and admire her certain beauty. For, besides her pale, sweet face, with its regular features and delicate lines, her jacket fits her figure as if it had been made by the most fashionable Regent-street milliner—Lettice made it, in fact, herself—and the dress, which she also made herself, though it is of cheap material, is of soft texture, and of color grateful to the most trained eye. She descends the stairs slowly; lingers along the iron rail of the little churchyard; looks up at the branches of the two trees where the yellow leaves are still hanging, expectant of the first frost, the first showers, the first cold winds to bring them down, and leave the black trees bare for another six months; and reads for the thousandth time the legend on the tomb—It is Sacred to the Memory of Meshach Squire, and it enumerates the benefactions of that citizen, the beautifyings of the church of Great St. Simon Apostle, the almshouses he established, and the Christian virtues of his life. Then she passed slowly down the court, and looked in at the Dutch church. The old woman dusting the seats saw the girl in the doorway, and nodded greeting. Then Lettice came out and passed hesitatingly along the roofed passage to the big street beyond. But that was full of passers-by, with noise of cabs, omnibuses, and carts, which jarred upon her nerves, and rather frightened her. It was a pity, because she had come out with a yearning for the quiet shades of St. Paul, and a half-feeling that, perhaps, she might manage to get to Tower-hill, where she could see the river, and find a place of comparative silence for a Saturday afternoon. To-day she did not feel equal to facing the crowd, and crept back, with a sort of shudder, to the silence of the Friars. And after a moment's pause she took the passage that leads to the four-housed square, and then, dropping into a slower step, she began to walk meditatively round and round the flags.

Presently there strolls down one of the passages into the Friars a young man.

It is the same young man whom we saw two months ago in Clear Sky Land, the young fellow whom they called John Pomeroy, the tallest, strongest, and handsomest of the young fellows there—the man of twenty-four, who has the broad shoulders, the tall limbs, the clear hazel eyes, the deep chest, and the deep voice.

He glances up the court wistfully. Number Five is as silent as the rest of the houses. He looks into the church, but there is no one there except the old woman with the duster, and she is anxious to get finished and be off, because the shades are already gathering more thickly in the gloomy old church, and she remembers that it is a place of tombs, where every flagstone lies above a dead man. Ghosts in city churches are uncommon, but they are not unknown. Then the young man hesitates, in doubt whether he shall knock at the door of Number Five. Then he remembers the square. Slowly walking round the flags, he finds the girl he came to look for.

She hears his step and lifts her head. See what a bright smile of welcome, like a ray of sunshine, lights her eyes as he lifts his hat and stands before her—lover-like, submissive. As yet he has said no word of love, and she has no thought except that here is a most noteworthy stranger, providentially dropped from the skies, to remove some of the dullness of her life.

"You said," he began, "you said—that is, I hoped—that you might be walking here today."

"I walk here every day," she said rather sadly.

"Every day?" He looked round the narrow court with a sort of dismay. "Every day—in this prison of a place?"

Not an atom of respect, you see, for the memory of dead-and-gone rich men. "Prison of a place!" And this where only a hundred years ago three aldermen and one ex-lord mayor—substantial merchants, not keepers of shops—lived all at the same time.

She laughed.

"I do not find it a prison; I find it a place where I get fresh air and exercise, and can think."

"Tell me," he said in wonder, "do you never go outside these walls?"

"Oh, yes; sometimes. To-day I thought I would go as far as Saint Paul's, and walk up and down the south aisle ——"

"Another prison," he groaned, having no feeling whatever for the venerable pile of Sir Christopher.

"But when I got to the end of the passage the crowd was so great and the men were jostling each other so, that I could not bear to think that I was going to make one of such a mob; and besides, the cabs were noisier than usual, and so I came back to my old, favorite walk, where nobody ever comes to disturb me."

"Every day the same thing," he said.

She laughed.

"You mean my daily life. If you like, I will tell you how my days are spent. We have breakfast at nine, Mr. Pomeroy and I. I suppose you think that late in Canada, Mr. Ashton?" It may as well be understood that Ashton was the name agreed upon with his mother by which John should call himself when he was introduced to his father.

"Well—yes," said John. "I hardly see how we should get along at all if we had no breakfast till nine."

"At two o'clock I send in his luncheon on a tray. At five o'clock I come down into the court, when all the footsteps have hurried away, and walk about here for exercise and fresh air."

"She calls this fresh air," murmured John compassionately.

"At six Mr. Pomeroy shuts up his office—it has been shut really since five, but he remains there at work till six—and we have dinner."

"And after dinner?"

"Well, you have seen what we do after dinner. When you are not with us, Mr. Pomeroy never speaks. He reads, sits by the fire, and looks in the coals. At half-past seven I give him a cup of tea; at ten he takes down his pipe and fills it; and then I leave him and go to my own room."

"And while he reads and looks in the fire—a pretty way of getting through the evening!"—had John's mother been present, some reference would surely have been made to the fifth commandment—"looks in the fire, why can't he talk, or take you somewhere?"

"It has been always understood from the beginning that I was to leave Mr. Pomeroy to go on living as he had always lived, that I might do as I pleased, provided he was not disturbed. He gave me a piano, for instance; and as he told me I should not disturb him by playing, I play every evening. Sometimes I think that he listens."

THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I.
The glad New Year with dreamy eyes
Looks forth upon the world to-day,
And first beholds, in mute surprise,
The wrinkled earth, the heavens gray
And all the glories which surround
This mighty realm but newly found.

II.
A child, and yet a monarch thou,
Time's latest sovereign, greater far
Than kings with crowns upon the brow.
Than emperors or princes are:
Thou art the link which binds the past
To all the future's promise vast.

III.
Within thy hand are flowers now,
Their fragrance fills the morning air.
Look! Not a wrinkle on the brow,
Nor any hint of wasting care—
Alas, was it not so with him
Whose eye last night grew glazed and dim?

IV.
Oh, fair New Year, oh, rare New Year,
Bring soothing balm to bleeding hearts;
Drive out remorse and hate and fear,
And make us fitted for our parts.
May all thy days be days of peace,
Wherein love's bounty shall increase.

V.
Expectant now to thee we turn—
The past has buried all its dead;
The memories dark, the thoughts that burn,
The cruel word too lightly said—
We'll pluck from out our breast the stings
Of these ungracious, bitter things!

VI.
Take up the glass of time, oh Year,
And turn it gently in thy hands—
So gently that it shall appear
To mark the hours with golden sands;
So gently that life's care and pain
Shall find no place within thy reign!

M. C.

"And does he actually never talk to you—never?"

"Before breakfast he says 'Good-morning;' in the evening he says 'Good-night.' Sometimes he will ask me at dinner if I want anything. When I tell him that I want nothing, and am grateful for his kindness, he says: 'Large deductions.'"

"What does he mean by that?"

"It's his way, you know. He pretends—because it can be nothing but pretense—to believe nobody. And in the same way he will now and then ask me how my brother Will is doing, and when I tell him that he is doing well, and is grateful for the start in life which Mr. Pomeroy gave him, he says: 'Hum! grateful. Large deductions'—meaning that poor Will is not so grateful as he pretends to be."

"And have you nobody—nobody at all—to talk to?"

"Nobody at all, Mr. Ashton; only the cook and the housemaid, and, perhaps, the old woman at the church."

"But that is a Dutch church. Do you go there?"

"Yes. It is close by, and one avoids the crowds and rush. Besides, though I do not understand Dutch, it is going to church, you see; and if you shut your eyes and make believe, the language sounds very much like English. And then there are the hymns. They are sad hymns mostly, sung in unison, and they play the organ in chords, so that the music rolls about the roof and peals in gusts, like the wind on a Winter night. I do not think I could go to any other church now. And then I look at the faces of the Dutchmen and wonder what they are thinking about, and if being a Dutchman is very different from being an Englishman."

This way of looking at things to the practical young farmer was new and incomprehensible; but it had a charm that he could not certainly have explained in words.

"You have not told me yet how you get through the day. Forgive me, Miss Langton, if I am inquisitive."

"Indeed, there is nothing to forgive. There is the house to look after first ——"

"That wouldn't take long."

"We have the whole of the upper part, you know—five rooms and two garrets, where the servants sleep. Mr. Pomeroy's office ——"

"That is the front room on the first floor?"

"Yes—is left quite alone. No one ever ventures inside that room, and unless his office-boy cleans the room it certainly never gets dusted at all. And I am the housekeeper, and have two servants, a cook and a maid. When I have gone into the accounts, paid all the bills, ordered dinner, and all the other little things, I am able to sit down and read; because, you see, I have all Mr. Pomeroy's library."

"But they are only serious books."

"Yes; he has no light reading at all. I should like, I confess, to read a novel sometimes ——"

"I will bring you a hundred novels," cried John hotly.

"Thank you, Mr. Ashton. If you will lend me one I should be very much obliged. At present I am reading Mill's 'Essay on Liberty.'"

"Oh!" said John, who had also read that work, and had a lively recollection of a tough week of weary work grappling with it. "Always shut up in a room which looks on a dead-wall; always taking exercise in a vault with the roof off," such was the disrespectful way he allowed himself to speak of this venerable square; "never a soul to speak to; never any society, and yet you are happy, Miss Langton? You are actually happy?"

"Yes," she replied, looking up in his face with her truthful eyes; "I suppose I am happy. Life is so smooth for one thing, and when I came here first it seemed as if that compensated for all the solitude. We had a great misfortune just before we came; a great and terrible thing happened to us—to Will and to me."

"Will?"

"Yes. My brother. Of course. I see him every Saturday evening. Mr. Pomeroy always spends the whole of Sunday in his office; he comes to see me in the evening, and we have tea and music. Dear Will! You would like my brother Will, Mr. Ashton."

"I am sure I should," said John, "if he is in the least like—like the sister."

She did not blush. She was thinking of her brother, not of herself, and John's compliment passed unheeded.

"My brother Will," she murmured; "he is two years younger than I am. He is seventeen now. It is seven years since—since that dreadful misfortune happened to us, and of course it was worse for me than for him at the time, because I was the elder. I came here to live with Mr. Pomeroy, and Will was sent to school. In the holidays Mr. Pomeroy, who does not like boys, put him in charge of one of the masters; and when he was sixteen, a year ago, he got him a place in a great house in the city, where they pay him forty pounds a year. It isn't much; but it is a beginning. And oh, Mr. Ashton, he is such a bright-faced, handsome boy, and his ways are so winning. Indeed, indeed, you would like my brother Will."

John pondered this problem of maidenhood with an increasing wonder. She had no life of her own at all. She was effaced, buried, put away in a great coffin, this sweet Sharon-rose among damsels. No nun could lead a more secluded life. And not to have anyone to talk to; sitting silent all the evening with a silent man! That she shrank from the jostling and noise of the streets he attributed to her inexperience, or even the superiority of her nature. I, who am much wiser, can tell you that her nervous shrinking from the streets and from noise was due to nothing but her long seclusion. It was the beginning of what might end in shrinking even from the silence of the court; in living wholly in those two rooms; in the gradual destruction of brain and will; the ruin, step by step, of what was destined to be a full and generous nature, receiving and giving.

"Let me take you somewhere," said John; "it is a fine afternoon. We have an hour of daylight before us. Will you come?"

She hesitated. Not considering whether it was proper or improper, because she was not troubled with conventional scruples, which never came in her way, but considering whether she was not afraid to go with him wherever he might take her. On the one hand, it was already half-past three, and the sun would set in an hour; also the streets were noisier than usual. On the other hand, there was this tall, strong young fellow to protect her.

"I will go with you," she said simply.

Outside John offered her his arm, and she took it, for the first time leaning on the protection of a man, so that the act seemed strange and even sacred to her.

"I am not going to drag you about the streets and make you tired," said John. "We will take a hansom and drive to the West End. Have you ever been to Regent street?"

She shook her head. Already her nervousness was disappearing beneath the healthy stimulus of a great excitement. The crowd of people, the shops, some of them already lighted, roused her out of her apathy.

Presently they came to Regent street, and John stopped the cab.

"Now we are going to walk," he said.

Then walk from Piccadilly to Oxford Circus took them three-quarters of an hour. In the course of that walk John went into several shops. One was a glove-shop, where he purchased twelve pairs of the very best gloves and a glove-case—size of the glove six and a quarter, which was the size of Lettice's hand, curiously enough. Also he bought two or three beautiful silk ties of a pattern approved and chosen by Lettice, delighted at being consulted. Next he went into a photographer's, where he succeeded in getting some large views of Canadian scenery, the subjects being selected by Lettice. After this he took her to a book-shop, and ordered certain books to be sent to an address which he wrote down and gave to the shop-boy. They came next to a shop which had ladies' hats and bonnets in the window. A great many ladies, chiefly young and pretty, were gazing with eyes ablaze at the splendors of this shop. John went in and bought a hat and a bonnet, both of the newest pattern, which he told Lettice were for a young lady of her height, so that if she would try them on no doubt they would fit the other young lady. Lettice was so obliging as to do this. Then they went into a magnificent great shop, where John said he wanted to buy a lady's walking-jacket and a dress made up. Lettice gave him her advice about this little matter too, and John paid for the things and left the address. Then he took her into a music-shop and purchased blindly twenty or thirty pieces which the man informed him were good. This parcel he carried away with him. And then he went into a jeweler's shop, and Lettice's eyes sparkled with delight. Oh! dreams of Golconda, what mines could hold more precious things than Lettice saw here? John bought a gold cross, and a gold chain, and a gold locket, and an emerald ring, which Lettice put on the third finger of her left hand and it fitted beautifully. And then John called another cab, and they drove home again.

"Tell me," said John softly—he had been looking at the face beside him, as with animated eyes Lettice gazed at the brilliant street—"tell me, how long is it since you left Great St. Simon Apostle and had a holiday?"

"Four years," said the girl. "Formerly I used to spend a month every year with my aunt at Moulsey Priors, in Essex, but she died, and since then I have been nowhere."

"Moulsey Priors!" It was the village where his mother had been born—which he was going to visit.

"You have been a prisoner for four years," he said. "Miss Langton, will you—will you trust me a little?"

"I think I trust you a great deal," she replied. "Have I not trusted you to give me a drive through all these wonderful things?"

"No, no; it is not that. But I cannot bear to think of your creeping round and round that ghostly square all alone."

"But if I am all alone and cannot help it?"

He was going to say something, but checked himself with the thought that the time was not come yet.

"Oh!" sighed the girl, "we are coming to the end of our drive. There is the Mansion House! What is the time, Mr. Ashton? A quarter to six! We have been out for nearly three hours. And now I have got my silent evening before me, and somehow I do not feel as if I care for Mill's 'Essay on Liberty' any more to-day. Here we are at Carmel Friars!"

John walked into the court—it was dark now, and more ghostly than ever—with the girl.

"I cannot ask you to come in," she said; "but Mr. Pomeroy likes you to talk to him in the evening. He said so the other day. He said, when you went away: 'That is a sensible young man, Lettice; I like him. But then, large deductions—large deductions.' He meant that he was afraid of liking you too much, you know. Will you come again soon?"

"Will you drive out with me again soon?" he repeated. "This has been the most pleasant afternoon in all my life."

"Has it?" she replied in an innocence. "So it has of mine. Do you think we can have another drive soon, Mr. Ashton? But to be sure, you will not want to buy all those things again, will you? What a quantity of things you did buy, and what a lot of money you have spent!"

"There is a time to spend," said John, quoting Solomon, "and a time to save. I reckon this is a time to spend. Good-night, Miss Langton." He held her hand in his, for a longer time, and with a warmer pressure, than the mere leave-taking altogether warranted. "Good-night, Miss Langton. I forgot to say that—that—in fact, I hoped that you would accept the little things I bought to-day ——"

"Accept—I—Mr. Ashton? Oh! I cannot. All those things?"

John Pomeroy was a little staggered. But he remembered that he was a Canadian, and therefore could not show the white feather. So he returned to the charge.

"Why, Miss Langton, of course I bought them for you. In my country, if a young lady goes for a drive with us, we always buy something to mark the occasion. Why, when you play these pieces, you will think of the walk up Regent street"—he placed the roll of music in her astonished hand—"and when you wear the gold cross and chain"—he deftly fastened the chain round her neck before she could prevent him—"you will think of our drive through the streets, and the pleasure it gave me. And the other things will all be here to-morrow. Of course," he added, "being a Canadian, I must follow the customs of the country. You forgive me?"

"Oh! Mr. Ashton," she said. "To buy all these things; and for me!"

He pressed her hand again, and was away.

I have never heard of that Canadian custom; but one can hardly imagine that John Pomeroy invented it for the occasion.

Her pulse bounded and leaped, the blood ran faster through her veins, her eyes sparkled with a delight she had never before even dreamed of; she would have liked to jump up and dance, in only thinking of this unexpected and wonderful drive. Sindbad the Sailor had never seen such sights—Aladdin never got such splendid presents. And she had to sit still through the long dinner, and beat down her joy while Mr. Pomeroy sat over his wine, facing her, as silent as a Sphinx, regardless of her joys or sorrows.

After dinner the girl played over her new music, which was bright and joyous, and struck some chords in the man's heart, which awoke unaccustomed thoughts in him; and at ten, when she rose to say "Good-night," he opened his mouth and spoke:

"What was that you were playing?"

"A new piece, given me by Mr. Ashton today; he took me for a drive and bought it for me ——"

"Aye! it seemed an old piece. A trick of memory, I suppose, which conjured up the shadows of the dead. Ashton, eh? Well, he is a practical man. He understands things. If money can be made in Canada, he will make it. Tell him, if you see him again—when you see him again," he corrected himself with a most unusual twinkle in his eye, "that I shall be glad to see him any evening at six, to dinner. I shall not send him any other invitation. Good-night, Lettice. She always professed to be grateful," he sneered. "Like all the rest—like all the rest! Ready to leave me for a lover! Gratitude! With her as with everybody else—large deductions."

Then he began to smoke, and smoked till the clock struck twelve, when he got up and went to bed.

In the morning the presents arrived. But among them Lettice failed to find the locket and the emerald ring; and she wondered for whom they were bought. [TO BE CONTINUED.

MUSIC OR DRESS?—The following story is told of Clara Louise Kellogg's recent visit to Chicago: "Miss Kellogg sent word to Behrens, the musical-conductor, that she wanted to rehearse with him the polonaise in 'Mignon.' Behrens at once went to hunt up the music; but, to his horror, he found that the man who had charge of Miss Kellogg's music had sent it all on to New York. He was unable to recall the entire polonaise, and Miss Kellogg was in considerable difficulty; and, unhappily, each had forgotten just what the other had. In this deplorable condition of affairs they rushed around to all the music-stores, but were unable to find an edition which had just what they wanted. Finally, some lady at the Palmer House, who had heard of Miss Kellogg's perplexity, said that a friend of hers, living on Twenty-fourth street, had just that polonaise. If Miss Kellogg had no objection, she would write her a note and ask her to send it down to the hotel. Miss Kellogg certainly had none, but, on the contrary, was much obliged for the courtesy; and so a note was written to the Twenty-fourth street dame, asking her to please send up her 'Mignon' polonaise for Miss Kellogg's use. Unfortunately, when the messenger reached the house the lady was out. The note, however, was opened by her daughter, a young lady of 17 or 18, who plays upon the piano, and who, after looking through her mother's room, sent back a note to the effect that she didn't know exactly which the 'Mignon' polonaise was, but that her mother had only three, and no one of them was large enough to fit Miss Kellogg, who, she understood, was a little stout."

A CATCHPENNY affair—The contribution box.

THE FALLING OF THE CURTAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MNEMOSYNE.

The four acts, the twelve scenes, were nearly played out; the prompter, Time, had "rung up" the very last; the stage was "set" for the denouement; the orchestra of storm was playing the final notes, and the curtain of the Past would soon drop over the drama wherein had been pictured all the varied passions of earth; wherein man had "played many parts"—now tragedy, now comedy, now the darkest of gloom, now hope and now despair, now sunshine and now starless night, now the gayest of laughter and now the bitterest of tears.

It was the last night of the old year. The child of a twelvemonth before had changed to an aged man; the rosy cheek had become wrinkled; the flashing eye dull, the bounding step slow and uncertain, the golden hair white, the blythe laughter but as a sob and a moan.

The first act of the drama that has been repeated for nearly two thousand years with but little variation had long since been played. The warm rains and the springing of sweet flowers seemed almost as a dream. Then the second—Summer, with its hot, passionate breath, had come and gone; then Autumn, with its hillsides of golden grain and its wealth of fruit in the orchard, its rustling, lance-leaved corn and the beauty of harvest; and now Winter had asserted its dominion, had shifted the scenes rapidly to the final one, and the end was very near—a shuddering dread and a chilling horror!

The snow lay heavily piled upon the housetops and in the streets. In the churchyard the graves looked as sheeted ghosts. The trees were fringed with an icy rime. Long icicles hung from the eaves, and the breath of the north wind came fiercely, causing the poor to shiver as at the knell of dawn, and the rich to wrap themselves more closely and draw nearer to the glowing grates.

It was the very last act, the very last scene, and the stage was crowded with the actors who had played their parts therein. All had gathered, robed in character, to sing a dirge for the old, and a welcoming chorus for the young. The curtain would but fall upon the one before it would rise again, shutting out the pall and the coffin, and the grave, to give place to the new-crowned.

Pride was there, mocking at Modesty. Wealth was there, glittering in golden sheen, by the side of ragged and squalid Poverty. Passion strode frowningly, with clenched hand and drawn dagger, past its victim, who shudderingly drew back. Hope stood with its rainbow banner flung to the breeze, by the side of Despair, whose tattered ensign was furled and heavily draped with black. Love was laughing gayly, and tossing roseate flowers on high, in the very face of blighted and widowed Affection, whose nearest approach to smiles was tears. Avarice was clutching the bright, red gold that the Spendthrift tossed away. Revenge cowed meek-eyed Simplicity. Mirth, with its rollicking laughter, drowned the sobs of Misery. Fear shrank from the blazing eye and unhesitating hand of Bravery, and Charity wept at the indifference of the hard-hearted to the wants of others.

All were gathered and strangely grouped; the pure with the vile, the high with the low, the happy with the miserable, the light-hearted with the sad, the cruel with the tender, the unjust with the just, the thoughtless with the reflecting—all the passions of mankind, all the varied phases of character, all the wants and likes and loves of earth in one striking tableau, pausing now as the curtain was trembling upon its fall before again giving unlimited scope and breadth to the action of the master passions that ruled and swayed them.

And gathered there in more than mortal likeness—each standing out in striking and distinct colors from his fellows—they waited the stroke of the bell that would, as by the touch of a magician's wand, summon up the matchless "transformation-scene," when the habiliments of death would be instantly changed to the flashing drapery of life, and the *miserere* be lost in the trumpet blasts of a triumphal march—the scenes vividly portraying crumbling arch and falling roof be replaced with massive walls and towering dome, untouched by Time, and seemingly strong enough to mock at decay.

In general chorus they all repeated, as they looked upon the wan and old year wrapping more closely his scanty robes about him:

"We part with thee
As wretches, that are doubtful of hereafter,
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath, and fearful,
And trembling at futurity."

And then each in turn spoke the few and latest lines of their part, broken by the sobs of the departing and the low, mournful music of the orchestra with instruments tuned to death.

Adversity made a step forward, and repeated in carefully-measured words:

"'Tis strange how many unimagined changes
Can swarm upon a man, when once the lid
Of the Pandora-box of contumely
Is opened on his head."

Affection took the speedily-vacated place and chanted:

"Oh, sweet are the tones of affection sincere,
When they come from the depth of the heart;
And sweet are the words that banish each care,
And bid sorrow forever depart."

Then Age tottered forward, and with white and trembling lips repeated:

"But grant to life some perquisites of joy:
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long rifled life of sweets can yield no more."

Then Glory strode proudly forward, and with ringing voice, though tempered now by sadness, said:

"'Tis like a circle in the water,
Which, never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by wide spreading, it disperse to naught."

Then Nobility:

"Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants."

Then Anger strode to the front with knotted brow and clenched hands, and declaimed with startling energy:

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned."

Slowly and hesitatingly Hunger followed, and with faltering tongue repeated:

"Famine is in my cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in mine eyes,
Upon my back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not my friend, nor the world's law."

Murder came next, red-handed, law-braved, but shuddering as the image of Death awakened long-sleeping conscience, and the usually defiant lips faltered in the lines:

"Will all Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clear from my hands? No; this, my hand, will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making this green one red!"

Then Avarice stole as a guilty shadow forward, as one seeking concealment, and breathed in words so low as scarcely to be audible:

"Oh! cursed lust of gold! When for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

Like the first, beautiful, blushing rose of June, sweet Modesty tripped forward, and it was as the bird she sang:

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

In the most forcible contrast, armed with sword and spear and shield, came War quickly upon the steps of the bashful maiden, and declaimed forcibly, yet with a touch of sadness:

"Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
Is only splendid murder!"

Then, as if a foil and more dazzlingly lovely for the grim tyrant that had preceded her, came Beauty, singing lightly and archly:

"The bee from my lip more nectar could sip
Than from all the sweet buds in the bush."

Lightly she drew back and gave place to the wan face and pinched form and ragged garments of the Beggar, who sobbed out:

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span—
Oh, give relief and Heaven will bless your store!"

Then, bustling, defiant, brusque, advanced Bigotry, and roared mockingly:

"Mad as Christians used to be
About the thirteenth century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as bad."

Stately and slow marched to the front, with nerve of iron and eye of fire, Carnage, and repeated impressively:

"In war was never a liar's rage so fierce:
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild;"

and then quietly changing expression and manner, added:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Then, in saffron robes and crown of wormwood, came Slander, teaching the bitter lesson:

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

Care followed, and chaunted almost jubilantly, as if sweet to its heart:

"Care that is entered once into the heart
Will have the whole possession ere it rest."

Then, following in the ever-changing train, and bearing in her hands a snow-white dove, came meek-eyed, self-sacrificing Charity, murmuring:

"The secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe."

Then Mirth danced forward, gayly carroling to the lightly-touched rebec:

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying gloom."

Sedately, as if feeling the importance of her mission, Conscience came to the front and delivered the few words:

"He's armed without that's innocent within."

As if still maddened by some bitter recollection, the place was immediately usurped by Scorn, who hissed:

"Infamous wretch,
So much below my scorn, I dare not kill thee!"

A striking change was Contentment, both in mien and tone, as she sang:

"What though on

alf so sweet in life
n."
, speaking of itself:
"Virtue
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ow the angel of Immor-
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BANJO.

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row," said Noah, lookin'

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ep' a-laughin' and a-pshaw-

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de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
beat 'em all to pieces!
eal head o' Jarsey cattle—
s soon's he heered de thun-

—it come so awful hebby
usted trod de lebbee;
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de boat—an' one to mix de

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rs yelled—tell, what wid all

e mate a-bossin' roun' an'

whut wuz runnin' on de

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'possum's tail a-growin';
ways: his people nebber los'

r, dar's de banjo an' de 'pos-

LL in *Scribner* for January.

PS:

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tles.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
T SMITH.

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ERMAN BAND.

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ain tried the manager

nothing. I vas too flies
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as what we'll do?"*
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ATED.

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FLY.

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he hotel appeared on

pay your hotel bills!"
rus they gently gilded

down the placid stream, with no care on their minds for the past, but bright anticipations for the future. Several steamboats passed and they were pretty confident that the landlord had taken passage on one to head them off at the next place where they were billed.

After a twelve-mile ride they hove in sight of their next stand at about three o'clock in the morning, and the first man to greet them was the landlord of the last burg with the words:

"Here I am, boys."

"We see you are," urbanely replied the manager.

"Marshal, take charge of this stuff," said he to that official, whom he had awakened and brought down to meet us. The manager kicked at first, but came to the conclusion that there was a better hand than a "full" in a game of "bluff," and allowed the Marshal to seize what was left in the valise and sack (precious little), and then to keep the fact of their jumping silent in the town, promised to let the landlord sell tickets on the morrow, and thus reimburse himself for what we owed him, but insisting that the Marshal bring the stuff to the church (where they were to show) on the following day. This was particularly necessary in order to secure a hotel at the new stand. Everything was kept quiet, and the wardrobe placed in their possession, but it rained so hard the first night that the performance was postponed. The second night a kick was made against any but one of the party selling tickets, and the performance went on, the landlord getting left, and leaving for home in high dudgeon. The show pleased the natives, so they said, and it was determined to hold over the next night. Business was bad, and they flew, a ten-mile walk bringing them to another stand. After several repetitions of the above experiences, they arrived home, having been on the road thirteen days, and having expended just one dollar, and that for license.

A TERRIFIED GILL.

A minstrel party, composed of several well-known performers who were lying idle and wanted to fill in time, started for the interior Ohio towns. The manager of the party had succeeded in talking two "grills" into investing $75 and $100 respectively in the snap, and with the party they sailed hopefully on to their first stand. Bad weather, icy pavements, etc., made their houses slim, and as the second stand panned out no better, the boys began to talk of a Jonah. One of the gills was cross-eyed, and the "finger" pointed him out as the cause of all our trouble. It was determined to get away with him. Whenever he was present the topic of conversation was Jonahism, and, as he never tumbled, it was determined to make him drop. So a scheme was put up and carried through that very night after the performance. Mr. Gill had retired to bed. His companion, one of the gang, who was doubled up with him in the room, remained awake, awaiting developments. Five of the boys arrayed themselves in the most grotesque and fantastic portions of their wardrobe, and made their entry into the room noiselessly. Arranging themselves in a row on the foot of the bed, one unearthly yell aroused the sleeper, and he started in affright as he gazed upon the conspirators, one of whom stood with a rope in his hand. With heavy hands they tore him from the bed, forced him to his knees, and, placing the rope around his neck, administered a terrible oath to him, and then, after pushing him this way and that, told him that at sunrise he must prepare for the second stage of the ceremony of initiation, for he must join their order of Anti-Jonahs, and that he must summon all his nerve for the next ordeal, as it was a most trying one. They left him almost dead from fright. Ere sunrise he had flown, and a few days afterwards brought tidings of him by letter, in which he said that he was tired of the show-business: that he had arrived home all right, but pretty badly shaken up, as he had gone home on a freight train. He also inquired whether they would have killed him in the second attempt to force him to join their order.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XLIV.

AN ENGLISH BILL
WITH NAMES FAMILIAR TO AMERICANS.

The programme presented this week is that of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., and is contributed by Lewis B. Lent, the well-known circus-manager. This theatre was burned on the morning of May 7, 1844, and there were not a few persons who entertained the belief, in which those who survive still share, that the conflagration was the result of design. The last performance there comprised "Twelfth Night" and a dramatic form of the late Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol," in the latter of which William Davidge played Scrooge. The comedy was cast mainly as follows: Viola, Miss E. Montague; Sebastian, Henry Montague (who was regarded as a wonderful likeness); Sir Toby Belch, Charles Bass; the Duke, R. H. Wyndham; Malvolio, W. Davidge; and Aguecheek, probably Robert Roxby. The bill now given in full is of not quite three months' earlier date:

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.
Under the management of Mr. Robert Roxby.
THIS PRESENT TUESDAY, FEB. 20, 1844.
will be performed the comedy of
LONDON ASSURANCE.

Sir Harcourt Courtly	Simpson ..... Mr. Hope
Mr. W. Davidge	Isaac ..... Mr. Corby
Max Harkaway ..... Mr. Bass	Martin ..... Mr. Carlton
Charles Courtly ..... Mr. Howard	James ..... Mr. Lewis
Mr. Spanker ..... Mr. Munyard	Lady Gay Spanker,
Dazzle ..... Mr. R. Roxby	Miss E. Montague
Mark Meddle ..... R. Marshall	Grace ..... Miss R. Yeblin
Cool ..... Mr. Bellingham	Pert ..... Miss Sinclair

OVERTURE, ASSEMBLY BANKS.
SINFONIA, MOZART'S NO. 5.
After which the ballad-opera of
THE ORGAN OF DISORDER.

Mr. Orpheus Hobbs,	Mrs. Melodina Hobbs,
Mr. Davidge	Mrs. Horsman
Jack Crotchet ..... Mr. Wyndham	Arietta ..... Miss Sinclair
Monsieur Sonnette,	Falsette ..... Miss Gardner
Mr. Leclercq	

The Leclercqs first demand our attention. The senior of this family was a prominent English pantomimist and dancer. His first appearance was made at the age of nine years, in the ballet with which the Sans Pariel, afterwards the London Adelphi Theatre, was first opened to the public, on Nov. 27, 1806. For many years he was the inventor of the ballets of action at the Surrey and Cobourg Theatres, where he was, moreover, the principal dancer. After leaving the Manchester Theatre he went to the Olympic, London, and from about 1850 to 1861 he was ballet-master at the Haymarket. He acquired celebrity for his agility and the originality of his style. As Mr. William Davidge informs us, his children Charles, Rosina and Carlotta are all in this bill. This is certainly not the interpretation we should give to the names, as shall appear farther on. Carlotta Leclercq is especially no stranger on this side of the Atlantic, and young Charles has also become familiar to us by reason of his journeys as one of Augustin Daly's forces when the latter had the Fifth-avenue Theatre. Charles is now of the stock at Duff's Broadway Theatre, this city, while Carlotta, wedded since she was last in this country, is now starring in England under the banner of John Wilson. Without Mr. Davidge's assistance, we should find no young Charles in this bill, and no Carlotta, if a Rosina. Abdallah we should assign to the elder Charles Leclercq, and the principal female dancer, we should say, was Louise Leclercq, who appeared from the stage fifteen years ago. It was certainly Louise, although the Paulette may have been Louise, Carlotta or Rose, the last of whom is still performing. By the way, Mr. Davidge informs us that the elder Charles Leclercq died on Dec. 28, 1861. He is in this clearly relying upon *The Era*, which will toss him three times out of every ten mounts on almost all professional deaths prior to 1867. In extreme cases we have found it years out of the way. In this it is but about a month. Our files on Jan. 4, 1862, record that Mr. Leclercq died on Nov. 26, 1861, at No. 16 Albert street, Regent's Park, London, aged 64. It was probably his funeral that occurred on the 28th. Confounding the funeral with the death is of common occurrence wherever records are not made at once; and the errors as to month, and even as to year, also result from procrastination.

There are four or five Marshalls in the bill. Mr. Davidge says that five of them were Henry, Joseph, Mary and R. and C. F. Marshall; that there are errors in the bill; that the R. Marshall who played William should be C. F., and that the R. Marshall who played Lucifer should be Henry. "C. F. Marshall," he adds, "was one of Brighton's greatest favorites, and he has been dead, I believe, some years. Joseph, Henry and Mary were dancers of prominence, and nephews and niece of Gilbert and wife of Covent-garden, the latter two being distantly related to our Mrs. Gilbert." Joseph, the elder, died four years ago, being ballet master of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, at the time. His career was begun in pantomime at Drury-lane in 1829, and subsequently he was Harlequin at Covent-garden under Mme. Vestris. At the latter house, at the same period, was Henry Marshall, then a boy. He is living in England. So is Polly, who was the Columbine at Drury-lane in 1830, when Joseph Marshall was Little Harlequin in the pantomime of "Davy Jones." She was the original Sarah Blunt to John Baldwin Buckstone's "Poor Pillicoddy" at the Lyceum, London. She made her American debut at Burton's New Theatre, finally the Winter Garden, Sept. 22, 1856, in a role which Mary Gannon, Mrs. John Sloan, Julia Turnbull, Rose Merrifield and Gertrude Dawes had already familiarized, viz., Katharine Sloper in "Lola Montes." On the same night she also did Fanny Gribbles in "An Object of Interest"—once a great card at Mitchell's Olympic, the Fanny Gribbles being little Miss Constantina Clarke, who, to retain her place in popular favor, struggled so earnestly and yet so fruitlessly with a pulmonary disease. Subsequently, Miss Marshall traveled West and South, and was at Laura Keene's for a while. Returning to England, she was for a time a vocalist in music-halls, as well as an actress upon the legitimate boards. About five years ago, while performing, she met with a serious accident in Barrow-in-Furness, since which time we have not, so far as we can remember, encountered her name. Mr. Gilbert and wife, referred to by Mr. Davidge, were noted dancers. The lady, formerly Miss Ballin, is still professionally engaged in London, but not before the public. Our Mrs. Gilbert, who from a dancer has developed into one of the finest "old women" on the American stage—a Mrs. Hughes and a Mrs. George Vernon combined—is related to the other lady of that name through her marriage to the late George H. Gilbert, dancer and stage-manager.

Miss Emmeline Montague was a lady who, having then an invalid actor-father to support, had made her London debut about five years before in the role of Juliet, to a Romeo who had come from Dublin or nowhere, who had never been seen in London before, and who was possibly never seen there again—certainly not in any such ambitious flight. We think he was here about 1850, and afterwards went to Australia and died there. At least, the two actors had the same name, and were both tragedians. Miss Montague is still living. If we mistake not, she is the mother of the actor-author whose piece, "A Mutual Separation," is reviewed this week in our "European Novelties." At all events, she is the widow of Henry Compton of Shakespearian renown. This was almost the last season in England of Charles Base, who was the son of a Baptist clergyman. Base was likewise a cousin of William H. Burton, and consequently related, by marriage as well as through a "nervous antidote," to the esteemed lady who is now Mrs. John Sefton. He made his American debut at the Park Theatre, this city, on Aug. 14, 1845, in the same line of business as that in which we find him cast for in this bill—Col. Damas to the Pauline of Anna Cora Mowatt-Ritchie. Apart from his admirable lithographs of old men, he was chiefly conspicuous in this city for his directorship in the Metropolitan Dramatic Fund, and for his brief management of the Astor-place Opera-house about 1849-50. He was twice married. One wife died in St. Louis, and the other in Canada, where he himself breathed his last nearly fifteen years ago. Miss Rose Telbin caught cold in the dressing-room of the Astor-place Opera-house, while playing Mrs. Placid in "Everyone Has His Own Fault" for the first benefit of the American Dramatic Fund, and died on the following month. She was the sister of the noted scenic-artist Wm. Telbin, but recently deceased. Her American debut was made at the opening of the Broadway Theatre, near what is now Worth street, Sept. 27, 1847, as Lady Peazie. It was her intention to remain in this country, and in July, 1849, four months after her death, she was to have been married to Joseph Morrison Dawson, an English comedian who died in Kentucky ten years ago, and who, as Sir Benjamin Backbite, had made his American debut when she made hers.

The bill contains the names of no others known to the American stage, unless it be that the C. Pitt who is underlined is Charles Dibdin Pitt, who was here for about three years. A record that should contain his death, if the Charles Pitt who died in Sheffield, Eng., in 1866, was the same, says he was in England in 1870. But then this same record states that Charles Dibdin Pitt played a farewell engagement in St. Louis in June, 1850, after which he sailed for Europe; and if we did not see Charles Dibdin Pitt play Hamlet at the Brooklyn Museum in September or October, 1850, then—well, we never saw W. R. Derr play Putnam on that seven-by-nine stage. Mr. Davidge can tell us whether Charles Pitt was Charles Dibdin Pitt in this country alone, or whether there were two Charles Pitts in the same line of business in England at about the same period, 1844 to 1847. The Reeves in the opera is the uncle of Mrs. E. A. McDowell, now playing in Boston. In other words, he was the brother, as we used to understand it (perhaps a cousin), of William H. Reeves, operatic vocalist, who died here about twenty years ago. This makes him Sims Reeves, the great tenor, who before he saw Italy and its opera was John Reeves on the Bills, and John S. Reeves in the family Bible. There was one other who was here about 1868, but not as an actor. He was a reader and an elocutionist, and appeared in Boston and at the West, as well as at Dodworth Hall, this city. He was Henry Nicholls. We think he has a son on the London stage.

The remainder of the casts being purely English, we shall avail ourselves of the courtesy of Mr. Davidge to dispose of them. "John Howard, I believe, is still living. Maynard afterwards went to the Adelphi, London, to supply Buckstone's place when the latter, in 1844, removed to the Haymarket. He died in London on July 15, 1850. Robert Roxby was with Vestris at the Lyceum, and afterwards stage-manager of Drury-lane. He was brother to William Beverley the scenic-artist, and died in London July 25, 1866. R. Marshall, who played Meddle, was the stage-manager of the Manchester Theatre. Bellingham's real name was Lingham. He left the stage, and went into the wine-trade. The Rafters, brother and sister, were with me at Drury-lane in 1849, and left the stage many years ago. Mrs. Horsman, a charming actress of old women, died in London on March 12, 1860. Mrs. Barrowcliffe, I think, is dead. Mr. Webster was a nephew of Benj. Webster, and brother of Clara Webster, whose costume caught fire while she was dancing at Drury-lane. Her injuries proved fatal on Dec. 17, 1844. Wyndham's real name was Sharpe, and until recently he was manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland."

"ION" AND OTHER MATTERS.

Until now no opportunity has been presented for the publication of the subjoined communication. It is no less appreciated by us, however, because of the delay.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1877.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in THE CLIPPER your inquiry if the late W. C. Macready ever acted Ion in the United States, I wrote to England to ask the question. For, if he had, it would appear in the diary of his assistant stage-manager, the late Gen. Ellis, and from Ellis' fact that there is no such record, I conclude that he never appeared in that character in this country. From my own knowledge, he had no very high opinion of it—as a play to draw—and that opinion is endorsed by all leading men of note; for I can count all the male representatives of the part, for the last thirty-five years, upon my fingers.

In THE CLIPPER of this week you allude to Henry Howard in the copied bill of Astley's Theatre. Now, there were two leadings men of the name. The name in the bill for the part of Almasem was my own personal friend. It was while he was acting that part that the late W. D. Broadfoot engaged him for Astley's in 1846. He left Astley's to appear at the City of London theatre, then under the management of Messrs. Johnson & Nelson Lee, in 1846. He died while engaged at this theatre, in 1849. He never appeared in the United States. The other was in Birmingham, Mrs. W. Rignold, mother of the present George Rignold, was the leading lady. Miss Laura Addison was the juvenile lady for two seasons.

I am yours respectfully, WM. AITKEN.

This leads us to one of those conundrums which Owen Fawcett relishes most in "giving up." About 1850 a Henry Howard came here with his wife, and appeared at the Broadway Theatre. She was reputed to be a sister of Laura Addison. A Henry Howard (not D. H. Harkins, by the way) afterwards was in the stock at both Burton's and the Chatham Theatre; but Mrs. H. Howard disappeared. One of the H. Howards who were at the Broadway between 1850 and 1854-5 is now temporarily in Glasgow, and his wife, also an actress, is living in Brooklyn, N. Y. Their true name is not Howard. So much, now for the Addisons. There were two sisters. Laura, as we all know, died on an Albany boat. In the memoirs of M. W. Balfe it is stated that, while one sister died in America, the other experienced "an affliction far worse than death"; but it is not intimated when or where. About two years ago a Mrs. Howard, actress, was placed in an asylum for the insane at the West. There was a Howard of George Harris when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first produced at Barnum's Museum, in 1853. She remained there but a week or two, having been but recently married. Finally, in 1854, when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced at the Bowery Theatre, a Mrs. Howard played Cassy. She was not related to the Fox-Howard family, and about a year ago, we think, we received a note from her. She was then in one of the Eastern States. Leaving out D. H. Harkins, who also played as Howard, who can draw the line between all these Howards?

DRIESBACH'S PET DOG "MIDGET."

"Rickety," an Albany, N. Y., correspondent, sends us the following, which he clipped in August, 1873, from some paper of then current date:

Midget belonged to Herr Driesbach, the celebrated lion-tamer. If other small dogs weighed half a pound, Midget weighed nothing at all. He was a lock of hair with two bulging eyes, and a head much the biggest part of him. Driesbach had shirts made for him with a button-hole in the bosom, and through this he dragged Midget's head to act as a button, while the tiny body remained behind, suspended from around his neck by a chain. This tiny beast made the prettiest little breast-pin in the world. Midget performed with his master, sitting upon the head of a royal Bengal tiger, and perching in the very jaws of a yawning lion. Driesbach was performing in Maine a great many years ago, having in the cage a hoary old sinner of a panther, in which he placed no confidence whatever. In dealing with this animal he was never accompanied by Midget. After leaving the compartment of the lions the dog was tossed outside to an attendant. Herr Driesbach on this day whipped, fondled and slashed around in the main cage, fed the forest monarchs, fired off his pistols, threw Midget into the arms of an assistant, clanged open the door of the panther's cage, and, lashing the sulky, crouching beast, seemed for a moment to be master of the situation—but only for a moment. The treacherous creature, in the midst of the ordinary routine, turned like lightning on the momentary exposure of the tamer's back, and the frightened multitude crushed away as they beheld the panther's claws sink beneath the beast's weight, and the crimson blood pour down the silk-inclosed shoulders of the unfortunate tamer. The attendants rushed for their guns, but Midget, released by the keepers, rushed up the steps, through the lion's cage, between the separating bars into the panther's apartments, and took such a bite out of the panther's ear that, relinquishing his hold on Driesbach to attend to the audacious pup, the wounded hero, who was on his feet in a twinkling, scampered through the lifting door, and out over the astonished lions; while Midget, having done at once his worst and best, plunged between the bars and landed unhurt beside his grateful master. Driesbach always maintained the small rescuer saved his life, as he was wholly unprepared, and, only for the diversion created by the pigmy's attack, would have been beyond help in a moment.

PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER.—Anterior to 1858 the production of gold in the United States footed up, in round numbers, $530,000,000, of which period the greatest production for one year was $65,000,000 in 1853. From 1858 to 1875 the aggregate production, in round numbers, was $807,700,000 of gold (with $260,450,000 in silver), making the aggregate of gold yielded by the country, to include 1875, $1,337,000,000, and of silver $261,450,000. Of this silver the Comstock lode has furnished $199,824,364.

AN UNFORTUNATE INVENTOR.—Robert Bacon of Chicago is an inventor. One of his devices is a fan-wheel, to be placed in a hat and run by clock-work. His idea is that such a machine would keep the head cool in the hottest weather, and prevent brain diseases. He set one of them going in his own hat, and the first thing he knew his hair was being wound up in the machinery. The spring was very stiff, and before he could release himself a large part of his hair was pulled out by the roots.

AMERICANS are acknowledged to have a great deal of "push" in them. This is particularly the case when they get in a crowd.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy—Sentimental Ballads—Comic Songs—Theatrical Jokes —Circus Reminiscences—Old Playbills—Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AN IMAGINATIVE SKETCH.

This somewhat curious-looking figure calls for careful study. It is no horrible monster, as you might at first suppose, but a condensation of the characters in the pantomime. At the foot, stretched out upon the floor, is poor Pantaloon, whose mission in life is to be knocked down. On one of the wings appears the fair Columbine—she often appears in the wings—and on the other, the nimble Harlequin. Properly you should not see the latter, because he has on the magic cap which is supposed to make him invisible. The face in the centre of the figure can be no other than that of our old friend the Clown, whose droll antics have done more than doctors' prescriptions to keep the world in good health and spirits. Surmounting the group is the odd little figure of Mother Goose, who, we strongly suspect, is a fairy in disguise. It is to her that we are indebted for the familiar creations of the pantomime, which are as fresh to the children of to-day as they were to their great-great-grandparents. The grotesque arrangement of the characters may possibly have been suggested to the artist by the phœnix; and its aptness is found in the fact that while the fabled bird rose from its ashes, the pantomime, however often it may be banished, springs up afresh and finds favor in the eyes of all who love wholesome amusement.

OUR JIM STARTING OUT.

ONLY A GLIMPSE OF THE GREEN.

WRITTEN BY WILL E. MCNULTY. MELODY BY HARRY SPIERS.
(Copyrighted.)

Up the long stairway, e'er shrouded in gloom,
Afar from the bleak light of day,
On a pallet of rags in a bleak attic room
A little one dying there lay.
"Mother, dear mother," the child moaned in her pain;
"Again on thy breast let me lean;
Oh, give me a ray of God's sunshine again,
And just one more glimpse of the green."

Chorus.
"Though flowers are blooming on hillside and green,
The last of their beauty I've seen,
Oh, give me a ray of God's sunshine again,
And only a glimpse of the green."

"'Tis sad to be ailing and friendless and poor,
And sad 'tis here day after day,
With ne'er a kind face to look in at the door,
Nor a hand to keep hunger away.

Last night in my dreams our old lot in the lane
Was all that I longed for to-day.
You sat on its porch 'mid the roses again,
While I reveled in play on the green."

Chorus.—Though flowers are blooming, etc.

"Up by the Golden Gates, white-robed and fair,
Dear Jesus is calling for me;
Sweetly their melodies ring through the air—
Hark! hark! they are calling to me!" [pain.
Death's message had come, she was freed from all
The last of her life's sorrows she'd seen;
Her spirit was out in God's sunshine again
In a land ever blooming and green.

Chorus.—Though flowers are blooming, etc

Brooklyn, N. Y., Christmas Day, 1877.

OUR JIM'S NEW YEARS:
With a Description of his Calls and "Balls."

MR. DUVALIO.

It is with feelings of extremest pleasure that we herewith introduce to the patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES a gentleman whose name is familiar to them all, and one whose fame has encircled the globe. We refer to no less a personage than "Our Jim." We appear just at the dawning forth in the glory of a new ulster to make his New-Year's calls. Before pointing out the distinctive features of the boy, we desire to explain that the accompanying picture was drawn by James himself. Its accuracy may therefore be relied upon. Critics might find something to complain of in the perspective, and possibly in the execution of the work; but its fidelity is beyond question. A more striking likeness of "Our Jim" could not well be imagined than that presented here. It will be observed that the boy has a remarkably open countenance—a fact which makes itself especially apparent when he is eating. With respect to his toilet, it may be said that he has devoted a great deal of time to its preparation, and that it is at once graceful and unique. His cravat alone—which, in the illustration, should not be mistaken for a knapsack—is a marvel in its way. His cardcase, which he carries in his hand, is unusually large, for the lad's friends are numerous and he generally finds a good many baskets hung out when he makes his New-Year's calls. Were his ulster thrown open, you would perceive that James is decked out in a white vest, swallow-tail coat and watch-chain of massive proportions. He presents, in short, the appearance of a high-toned "swell." This resemblance is further heightened by the presence of the bull-terrier, which James trained upon introducing into the picture. The face which appears at the window is that of the landlady, and is possibly contrasting her dress with that of the boy. James is about to ring the bell, and will then proceed to the next house. Here he is met at the door by his wife, Nellie, who in a sudden fit of jealousy had separated herself from him and returned to her relations some eighteen months before; but the cause of or reason for this extraordinary act he had never been able to fathom, her presence being denied him, and his letters on the subject returned unanswered. After the surprise and disappointment occasioned by a turn of affairs so unexpected have worn off, Vincent proceeds to question his wife relative to her past life and present and to him unreasonable conduct, but in reply to his every question she bids him ask his own heart. So, failing to obtain any satisfactory information, and weary of a series of mutual recriminations on his own and his wife's part, he determines to wait patiently until time has thrown more light on the matter, while Mrs. Vincent, no doubt feeling deeply her wrongs as a wife, whether real or imagined, takes advantage of this accidental meeting to visit upon her husband the full force of her pent-up indignation. All this Vincent now takes with philosophic good humor, as in her presence he finds he loves her more than ever, and reflection makes him hope that the events of the hour may bring about what he already hopes for—a reconciliation. However, Nellie keeps her ground, and shows no disposition to give in. Indeed, angered by his persistent plea of innocence, which she deems but a further show of base effrontery to insult and humiliate her, she requests to be left alone. Means of egress by the door being cut off, determined to get rid of him, she orders him to descend by the window, but this he decidedly objects to do. Pressed once more for an explanation of the past, Mrs. Vincent at last produces a letter, which she holds up at a distance, but will not let him read or even touch, preferring, she says, to keep in her own possession the proofs of her husband's guilt. Still lost in wonderment, he disclaims all knowledge of the document in question, which he now learns had been found by his wife in his study among his papers. Determined more than ever to have the misunderstanding cleared up, Vincent renews his endeavors to effect a friendly compromise; but Nellie, feigning utter contempt for her husband, repels his advances, and vows she will never listen to anything that even suggests forgiveness and reunion. To relieve the monotony, he proposes to smoke a cigar, when, asking his wife's permission, he is amazed to hear her (with an explanatory aside, however, that she will join him. Closing his cigar-case with a bang, he is told that the time left on her hands since their separation has enabled her to acquire a formidable list of very masculine accomplishments, the mere mention of which, on his wife's lips, fills him with astonishment and alarm. Piqued and vexed beyond measure, and feeling that the moment has arrived when he must act with something like decision, or all opportunity of bringing his obdurate and wayward spouse to reason will be over, he makes a desperate and final effort to move her, and, with impressive dignity and considerable feeling, reminds her of the duty of a wife to her husband. Mrs. Vincent listens to this serious oration with becoming gravity and attention, but from the amused smile that breaks across her features it would seem his earnest appeal is in vain, and that his wife's opinion of his sincerity is unchanged. Thanking him for his condescension, she meets his recent dissertation on wifely obedience almost word for word in a satirical description of a husband's duty to himself, and withdraws to another part of the loft, leaving Vincent completely discomfited and crushed with the overwhelming force of his wife's indignant rhetoric. Musing in dubious silence on the phase matters are taking, Vincent is arrested by a letter which his wife has inadvertently left behind her, and this he secures. Circumstances, he considers, justify his opening this letter, which, addressed to Nellie's cousin, Indicates a copy of some paper on which her jealous suspicions were originally founded. Hastily perusing it, it turns out to be nothing more than a stage letter used in a drama he had played in at the time with an actress named Clara Marshall, and which he must have carried home in his pocket by mistake. Being in the actress' handwriting, and signed Clara (by a coincidence the name of the character in the drama), his wife had, not without some reason, imagined she had detected an irregular correspondence, and, acting with ill-advised haste, had left her husband without one word of inquiry or explanation. Laughing heartily at this discovery, and overjoyed to find the cause of their parting to be one of such simplicity and easy remedy, Vincent proceeds to read the sentence of his wife's letter, and there reads that she is firmly resolved never to permit a reconciliation or live with him again. Master of the situation, however, since he now knows the contents of the mysterious letter, he proposes to test his wife's real feeling once for all, and so writes her a hurried letter of farewell explaining all, but adding that since she hates him so profoundly he has now left her forever. To judge for himself the effect of this communication, he proceeds to don the disguise of a country bumpkin, and, thus disguised waits her return. Observing this fresh arrival, she inquires for the gentleman who had lately been there, and is informed he is gone, having left a letter behind for her. This she takes, and, after reading the explanations it contains, her woman's feelings overpower her, and, in a flood of happy tears, she confesses that she loves him still. Coming to that part of the letter in which he bids her an eternal farewell, she is overcome with grief, and, throwing herself now in her anguish for her past unjust cruelty and suspicion, mourns for her husband with genuine sorrow. Turning to the bumpkin, who stands grinning beside her, she bids him hasten after the gentleman just gone and bring him back immediately. The rustic appears to go on his errand, the ladder having been replaced in the meantime, but, quickly throwing off his disguise, is soon standing near to hear, with enraptured senses, his wife anticipate his early return, and in the most endearing terms. He then steps forward, and she falls once more into his eager arms, the curtain, as it should do, falling upon the happy reconciliation of husband and wife." Miss Walsingham sustained the part of Nellie Vincent, and Mr. Compton appeared as Harry.

POLLY EXAMINES THE SHERRY.

SUSAN'S SURPRISE.

DOUGLASS DE LA VEER.

OUR JIM AT HOME AGAIN.

THE CIRCUS IN NEW ORLEANS, LA., IN 1841.

Frank Whittaker, the veteran circus performer, sends us this remembrancer of the past. The performances took place in the St. Charles Theatre. Of those named in the bill, Herr Cline is residing in retirement in this city; Joe Blackburn is dead; William Wood died in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 18, 1855; as did William A. Wood (the Master Wood in the bill) in New York June 9, 1843; Joe Cowell died in London, Eng., Nov. 14, 1863; John Sloman retired from the stage some years ago, and settled in Charleston, S. C.; Samuel P. Stickney died in Cincinnati, O., March 20; Victor Piquet died in New Orleans about 1850; W. H. Brunton and wife, *nee* Helen Matthews, were last seen in this city about 1850; Mrs. Bowe, we believe, is still living in New Orleans; Mr. Pacaud is dead.

ST. CHARLES.

NOW, THEN! UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION,
and last night but two of the engagement of the wonderful
HERR CLINE.
GRAND EQUESTRIAN FEATS
in the largest arena in this country.
First appearance of the celebrated clown JOE BLACKBURN.
First appearance of MR. WOOD.
First appearance of the well-known comedian MR. T. S. CLINE.
First night of THE DUMB MAN OF MANCHESTER.
OLD JOE COWELL and MR. SLOMAN will also make their appearance.
SUNDAY, NOV. 14, 1841.
FIRST PART.

The arena will open with
THE CELEBRATED HORSE CHAMPION,
who will be introduced by MR. STICKNEY, and go through his matchless and astonishing feats, equally calculated to impart amusement and instruction. He will in an instant mount a pedestal, and assume a beautiful position of a winged Pegasus. He will dance with accurate time and cadence to a popular national air. This beautiful animal performs most of his feats by signals given by his tutor. The superior sagacity of the horse, as well as the merit of his tutor, is proved by the promptness with which the animal obeys the signals of his master. Mr. Stickney challenges any person to produce a horse equal to Champion in the circle.

Clown this first appearance for five years.....Joe Blackburn
Kidding master.....Mr. S. P. Stickney
Clown.....Joe Blackburn

SIGNOR VICTOR PIQUET,
the celebrated contortionist, from the Eastern and Northern circuses, will appear, and go through with his jointless limbs. He will exhibit the most wonderful contortions ever witnessed.

MR. S. P. STICKNEY
will present to the audience his unrivaled act of horsemanship on two horses, in the course of which he will carry Master Sergeant on his shoulders in many beautiful positions, his horses at their full speed.

SECOND PART.
The laughable interlude called

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Jem Baggs ..... Mr. Sloman	Mrs. Crincum ..... Mrs. Rowe
Mr. Tweedle ..... Mr. Jewell	Julia ..... Mrs. Brunton
Mr. Crincum ..... Mr. Pacaud	Betty ..... Mrs. Page
Herbert Carroll ..... Mr. Brunton	

After which MASTER WOOD will perform his celebrated
TWO-AND-ONE-HANDED DANCE.

PART THIRD will commence with the graceful and daring feats by the celebrated HERR CLINE who will appear and go through a pleasing selection of some of his most wonderful feats, particularly his original
WOODEN-SHOE DANCE ON THE ELASTIC CORD,
which has been equally admired for its singularity of style and the neatness and elegance with which it is accompanied; performing also the astonishing METAMORPHOSIS and a great variety of FEATS OF DARING, concluding with the celebrated depiction of the various passions of the human breast, such as FEAR, ANGER, HOPE, REVENGE, CHEERFULNESS AND JOY, which will be illustrated with the most minute exactness, by appropriate attitudes, copied from the most approved models in sculpture and painting, accompanied by music selected by the most eminent composers.

PART FOUR.—The whole to conclude with a new, thrilling and popular drama entitled
THE DUMB MAN OF MANCHESTER.

Edward Wilton ..... T. S. Cline	Jailer ..... Mr. Pacaud

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 31.

LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Lottie
Audley Sisters
Avery, Carrie
Arnold, Mrs. (with Arnold Bros.)
Berry, Virginia E.
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia P.
Blaisdell, Mrs. W. B.
Beaumont, Stella
Boshell, Louise
Blodgett, Etta
Burrett, Florence
Beverly, Maude
Beele, Katie A.
Branscombe, Maude
Blande, Edith
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Caselli, Fannie
Charpioneer, Lillian
Crabtree, Lotta (2)
Cummings, Minnie
Chapman, Ella
Coles, Anna
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Delange, Minnie
De Cosey, Alice
Durell, Sarrie 6c.
Darling, Bessie
Eldridge, Lillie
Easler, Effie
Esmond, Ella
Fontainbleau, Blanche
Forrest, Kittie
Ferguson, Mrs. Della
Fox, Annie (2)
Fox, Annie (p.o. m. Brooklyn, N. Y.)
Franzini, Adele (velocipidist)
Florence, Helen
Green, Florence
Gertrude, Emma
Graham, Tillie
Grant, Ethel
Gaugain, Marie
Granger, Maude
Howard, Ivey
Hall, Maria (p.o.m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Howard, Minnie
Hindes, Mrs. Josephine G.
Hammond, or Walter, Mary
Irwin Sisters (3)
Kinslow, Mrs. C. B.
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
La Monte, Allie
Love Sisters
Lindgard, Fannie
Lucille, Fannie 3c
Lewis, Jeanette
Lubin, Sadie (water-queen)
Lea, Lizzie p.o. m. Birmingham, Eng.)
Lewis, Maude
Marretta, Mrs. Millie
Martine, Estelle
Mclean, Mrs. C. H.
Morgan, Jennie (late of Slinn's)
May, Etta
Mack, Mrs. Wm.
Miller, Mrs. (p.o.m. London, Eng. 3c.
Nolan, Kate
Neoskaleta, ——
Oates, Mrs. Alice
Oakden, Gertrude
Prestige, Fannie
Phillips, Amy (p.o.m. Saluzzo, Italy)
Parker Sisters
Pomeroy, Louise
Parker, Georgie & Lizzie
Richardson, Alice
Rice, Emma, with Thomas A Watson)
Richmond, Adan
Russell, Laura (correspondent)
Sanford, Mrs. Eva
Sandville, Tillie
Shaw, Mrs. (Little lady")
Stanley, Mrs. Charlotte
St. Felix Sisters
St. Felix, Mad.
Turnour, Hepsey
Turnour, Eliza
Von Hillerne, Bertha
Wray, Maude C.
Winner Sisters
Warren, Minnie (with Tom Thumb)
Winston, Jeanie (of Gates' Op. Co.)
Wyndham, Alice
Wallace, Agnes 3c.
Warren Sisters, The
Willis Sisters, The

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Allison, C. (of Sells' Circus)
Avery & Jereni
Allen, J. (Prof. Music)
Arlington, J. V.
Annis, Frank (song and dance)
Armstrong & Lamont
Alcott, The
Alvereta, Harry
Blake, O. W.
Bianchett, C. (manager)
Brennan, R. A.
Bronson, G. R. (3)
Bailey, W. (of "Baby" Co.)
Barnum, E. of Gt. Eastern Cir.),
Beagr, Frank
Brent, W. H.
Blossom, Nat
Bennet, C. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Benoit, O.
Byron, Fred. (2)
Bennett, Harry
Bryant, Neil
Bishop's Serenaders
Berger, Fred. G. (2) 9c.
Brady, Saml.
Bell, Frank (comedian)
Burnett, Al.
Brassel, John
Brett, Wm. Robt.
Burton, Clarence
Byron, O. Doud
Baird, J. (of N. O. Min. & Bos. Con. Co.)
Boyd, Chas. (of N. O. Minst.)
Bowles, Frank (cornetist) (2)
Barton, Thos. (of Estey & Bell 8.)
Brown, Ben (of Haverly's Min) (2)
Boyd, J. (agt. of Wallace Cir.)
Burton, C. A. (p. o. m. Oidham, Eng.)
Burgess, J. A. (comed.)
Cara, Prof. J. (magician)
Charles, J. H.
Charles, (4 of Buffalo Bill Co.)
Cotton, Ben A.
Carlisle, Wm. M.
Clifford, W. (of Clifford & Sanfield)
Clapham, Harry (of Haverly's Min.)
Carlysle & Caverley (2)
Campbell, R. (of Cole's Circus)
Cannon, Pete
Cannon, John (Irish "biz")
Cooke, De Witt
Cole, W. W.
Diamond, Chas.
Dowa, John (of Comique, Kansas, Mo. "Denison")
Dockstader & McKay
Dasey, John A.
Davis, C. (of Howe's Cir.)
Dingess, R. S.
Dillon, Ed.
Dockstader, C. R.
Demott, Jas.
Edwards, G. (of Carn. & Dix. Min.)
Emmerson, M. (late of Beach & Bowers)
Eddy, Clinton
Fryer, J. C.
Fox, J. E. (of Dup. & Fox)
Foster, Chas. (late of Indianapolis)
Foster & Hughes 13c.
Fox, Willie (comique)
Florance, Geo. 'A. (leader)
Friedley, J. (with Haverly's Min.)
Faranta, Sig. C.
Forester, Bruce (minst. "biz")
French, Edwin
Fowler, Mell
Fontain, W. ("dislocation" Wm.)
Frost & O. G. Ferguson, Hyatt
Freise, A. 3c.
Franklin, J. Wynn 6c.
France, Geo. (2)
France, Geo. (2)
Gotthold, E. M.
Guy, Sr., G.
Geyer, Albert
Gaylor, Frank
Graff, J. (of Strakosch's Co.)
Moylan, John, circus property man, Vergennes, Vt., July 3.
Miller, Harry, variety stage-manager, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. —.
Manning, Joseph, of Manning and Kennedy, song-and-dance, N. Y. City, Aug. 21.
McCauley, David, variety performer, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 28.
Marshall, —, prompter of Aimee troupe, suicide at sea, Aug. 26.
Mostyn, Annie (Mrs. W. J. Gilbert), actress, Albany, N. Y., Sept. 1.
Mackley, Mrs. Fred. J. (Nellie Center), actress and vocalist, Nov. 5.
Nichols, Alexander, gymnast and circus clown, Toledo, O., March 24.
Newcomb, W. W., negro minstrel, New York City, May 1.
Orton, Hoy D., lightning calculator, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 17.
Oliver, Frank A., burlesque lecturer, etc., Atlantic City, N. J., July 8.
Proudfoot, Miss E. V., actress, New York City, April 20.
Placide, Thomas, actor, suicide, Toms River, N. J., July 20.
Pierson, Lizzie (Elizabeth C. Malone), Mrs. H. W. Mitchell, actress, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 15.
Phelps, Thomas B., canvasman, Steubenville, O., Sept. 6.
Powell, Mrs. Mary, actress, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 17.
Palmer, Albert, attache of various metropolitan theatres, New York, Oct. 18.
Pastor, William, circus and variety, New York, Oct. 23.
Peoples, Katie, circus, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 30.
Post, Mrs. Sylvester (Julia Sylvester Posthauer), actress, New York City, Nov. 8.
Predigam, A., orchestral leader, Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 4.
Rogers, Charles, scenic-artist, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1.
Rogers, James, actor, Cincinnati, O., April 15.
Rhoads, Charles (Charles Bensell), negro minstrel, Santa Clara, Cal., June 5.
Rouke, John (of Rouke and Mack), song-and-dance, New Orleans, La., July 8.
Reveni, Mons. (L. H. Magee), gymnast, Allegheny City, Pa., Aug. 29.
Rodney, Wm., assistant property-man Niblo's Garden, New York City, Oct. 3.
Robinson, Frances (Mlle. Scoville), circus and variety, suicide, Ingersoll, Can., Nov. —.
Rosini, Mlle. (Mrs. G. W. Cutter), dancer, Toronto, Ont., Nov. 10.
Reese, A. H., negro minstrel and opera-bouffe vocalist, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 28.
Rose, C., cutar, leader of orchestra, Baltimore, Md., during week ending Dec. 21.
Smith, Jennie (Mrs. Harrington), variety actress, Providence, R. I., Jan. 3.
Stickney, Samuel P., circus, Cincinnati, O., March 20.
Salsbury, Mrs. Maggie, wife of N. W. Salsbury, actor, New York, May 3.
Sayer, A., treasurer of the Park Theatre, New York, May 19.
Stoner, John Philip, actor and dramatist, New York City, Dec. 7.
Thompson, J. Fred., ex proprietor of the Metropolitan Theatre (variety), Indianapolis, Ind.—there, May 14.
Teese, Mrs. Bertha (wife of Charles C. Teese of the Arabian Brothers), New York, June 25.
Turner, Frank (Frank Taintor), of Geyer and Turner, acrobatic clog, New York, Nov. 17.
Turner, John, of Lester and Turner, variety performers, Mobile, Ala., Dec. 26.
Van Pelt, Lulu (Mrs. W. Shepherd), dwarf, New York City, Feb. 3.
Valentine, Pete, musician with circus and minstrel companies, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 28.
Western, Lucille, actress, Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 11.
Wood, John Davis, actor, Cincinnati, O., Jan. 23.
Worrell, William (Bill), banjo-player, and in early life circus-clown, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 20.
Whiting, Edith, variety artist, Toledo, O., March 3.
Warren, Mrs. Minnie (Mrs. J. Reese), variety performer, Washington, D. C., March 29.
Willard, Alice, circus, Fort Worth, Texas, March 30.
Warren, Henry, scenic-artist, Cincinnati, O., June —.
Wallace, Ozella O., variety performer, suicide, Baltimore, Md., June 27.
Wilson, Charles, circusman, Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 23.
Williams, John, lion performer, Scranton, Miss., Oct. 31.
Wallace, Mrs., mother of the Wallace Sisters, Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 30.
Zimmerman, J. A., theatrical treasurer, Philadelphia, Pa., May 4.

In Foreign Lands So Far as They Have Come to Our Notice.

Anderson, George F., violinist, and ex-conductor of the Royal Private Band, London, Eng., Dec. 14, 1876.
Allen, George, vocalist and musician, London, Eng., Jan. 23.
Abela, Pedro De, Spanish teacher of singing, Italy, April.
Achard, Chas., singing-master, Paris, Sept. 11.
Arons, Morris, advance-agent, Brighton, Eng., Oct. 15.
Borel-Deleurie, Madame, operatic artist, Italy, January.
Bonham, Melville, American actor and monologue artist, London, Dec. 21, 1876.
Benhamo (Robt. Rylandi, equestrian, Paris, France, Jan. 17, aged 19.
Burden, Wm. F., theatre attache, Manchester, Eng., Feb. 7.
Braham, Capt. Ward, Reading, Eng., Feb. 26.
Brough, Mrs. Sarah Ann, pianist, England, April 14.
Bisson, Mrs. Mary Ann, actress, Birmingham, Eng., April 19.
Bourne, Joseph H., actor, Bridgworth, Eng., May 19.
Bandini, Nerino, operatic artist, Naples, Italy, August.
Barnes, Price (J. P. Burnham), vocalist and dancer, London, Sept. 15.
Barriere, Theodore, dramatic author, Paris, Oct. 15.
Ball, Harry, musician, Scarborough, Eng., Oct. 4.
Browne, G. H., proprietor of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., Oct. 27.
Bardi, Signor, operatic vocalist, Havana, Cuba, November.
Corri, Hadyn, vocalist, London, Eng., Dec. 19, 1876.
Casting, Hill, negro comedian, in England, Dec. 24, 1876.
Charles, Mr., actor, Kirkcaldy, Scotland, Dec. 27, 1876.
Catte, Signor, mimetic dancer, Italy, Dec., 1876.
Clifford, J. C. (J. C. Cross), baritone vocalist, Liverpool, Feb. 17.
Chandler, Wm., scenic-artist, Leith, Scotland, March 31.
Carulli, clarionet-player, Milan, Italy, April —.
Calvert, F. B., retired actor, Edinburgh, Scotland, April 21.
Communal, Pierre, critic, Milan, Italy, May —.
Cowie, Robt., theatrical manager, Dundee, Scotland, May 24.
Cramer, Henri, musical transcriber, Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, June —.
Ciardi, Cesare, professor of music, St. Petersburg, Russia, Aug. —.
Clifford, Chas., actor, Lancaster, Eng., Aug. 11.
Clandius, Otto, song-writer, Leipsic, Germany, Aug. —.
Cottino, Andrea, musician, Florence, Italy, Aug. —.
Copati, Giovanni Batt, composer, Turin, Italy, Aug. —.
Calvi, Clementina, operatic contralto, Milan, Italy, Aug.
Cence, operatic tenor, Bologna, Italy, Aug. —.
Compton, Henry, comedian, London, Sept. 16.
Casali, Cesare, Bologna, France, Oct. —.
Calodori, Luigi, Venice, Italy, Oct. —.
Collins, Thos., musician, Stettin, Germany, Oct. 20.
Colland, S., pianist, London, Oct. 30.
Crestreux, Herr, pianist, Brussels, Belgium, Oct. —.
Church, Mrs., actress, Norwich, Eng., Nov. 5.
Coppola, Pietro Antonio, composer, Catana, Italy, Nov. —.
Dutertre, M., dramatic author, France, Jan. —.
Durand, Miss Primogene, dramatic authoress, Borden, Eng., Jan. 25.
Desplechen, Henri, operatic singer, Paris, France, Jan. 28.
Dahl, Mlle. Sophie, operatic artist, Stockholm, Sweden, April —.
Davenport, H. H., of the Davenport Brothers, Sydney, July 2.
Devrient, Edward, actor and author, Karlsruhe, Germany, Oct. —.
Dauer, Caroline (Countess Plater), actress, Kilchberg, Germany, Oct. —.
Dabadie, Mme. (Mlle. Zulme Leroux), operatic vocalist, Paris, France, Nov. —.
Egan, F. B., Hammersmith, Eng., Jan. —.
Esmonde, Lewis, theatrical manager, Cardiff, Jan. 16.
Egger, Dr., musician, Vienna, Austria, Feb. —.
Elliott, Timothy James, clown, Leicester, Eng., Jan. 8.
Endersohn, Harry, clown, England, Aug. 14.
Elwart, Antoine, musician and author, Paris, Oct. —.
Etherington, James, pantomimist, England, Oct. —.
Favre, John, property man, Nevers, Eng., Dec. 17.
Felix, Mlle., retired actress, Paris, France, January.
Fossey, Leon, orchestra-leader, Paris, France, February.
Fenton, Edward, actor and scenic-artist, London, Feb. 16.
Fortune, Henry, actor, England, April 24.
Floravanti, Vinsenzo, composer, Naples, Italy, April.
Forster, Prof. Jacob, musical theoretician, Graz, June.
Furtado, Teresa (Mrs. John Cleave), London, Aug. 9.
Fischert, Herr, conductor, Hanover, August.
Frondini, Virgilio, professor of music, Milan, Italy, October.
Fitchett, Henry, pianist, London, Nov. 20.
Guasco, Senor, operatic tenor, Alexandria, Egypt, Dec. 1876.
George, Mrs. G. H. (Mrs. Ann Hadwin), actress, London, Eng., Jan. 1.
Garavaglia, organist, Turin, Italy, January (?).
Grey, Wm., pianist, Barnsley, Eng., Feb. 12.
Goodall, Miss Annie, operatic vocalist, London, Eng., Dec. 4.
Grantzao, Adele, dancer, Berlin, Prussia, June 10.
Genova, M., musical publisher, Palermo, Italy, August.
Gabriel, Mlle. Virginie (Mrs. M. Lyall), actress, authoress of operettas and ballads, London, Aug. 7.
Guinet, Paolo, pianist, Milan, Italy, August.
Gamba, Gulseppe, professor of music, Turin, Italy, August.
Greaves, Thomas, theatrical secretary and treasurer, Sheffield, Eng., Nov. 13.
Glunest, Mme. Pierre, London, Eng., Nov. 19.
Hall, J. M (James McNatty), actor, West Bromwich, Eng., Feb. 6.
Humphreys, Charles, actor, Birmingham, Eng., Feb. 8.
Hoyland, George, Liverpool, Eng., March 18.
Howes, Mrs. Ann, Norwich, Eng., March 19.
Halliday, Andrew (A. H. Duff), dramatic author, London, Eng., April 10.
Herne, G. C., actor, Manchester, Eng., April 30.
Hayer, M., tenor-singer and ballet-dancer, Paris, France, May —.
Hoepli, M., composer, Lausanne, France, Sept —.
Henshaw, Wm., organist, Durham, Eng., Sept. 30.
Herbeck, Johann, musical composer and conductor, Vienna, Austria, Oct. 28.
Isaacs, Miss Rebecca (Mrs. Thos. Roberts), actress and vocalist, London, April 21.
Jones, Ersser, actor, London, Nov. 1.
Jewson, Solomon, musician, Newcastle, Eng., Oct. 25.
Keeley, Mrs. Louisa, (Mrs. Montagu Williams), retired actress, London, Eng., Jan. 24.
Kroll, Franz, pianist and composer, Berlin, Germany, Jan. 7.
Kermoysan, M., dramatic author and critic, Paris, Oct. —.
Lafargue, Gustave, theatrical writer, Paris, France, December, 1876.
Lovell, Mrs. Maria Anne (Miss Lacy), dramatic authoress and retired actress, Hempstead, Eng., April 2.
Laurent, Edwin, singer, England, April 18.
Lemmon, Miss Priscilla (Mrs. George Warde), actress, Exeter, Eng., April 18.
Lachner, Theo., of the Lachner Family, Munich, Bavaria, May.
Lambiase, Luigi, buffo singer, Naples, Italy, May.
Laferriere, M., comedian, Paris, July 15.
Luzi, Guisseppe Maria, impressario, Naples, Italy, August.
Licke, Chas. G., the "Apostle of the Harmonium," Vienna, Austria, September.
Lablache, Mme. Frederic (Fanny Wyndham), operatic vocalist, Paris, Sept. 23.
Lindsay, F., negro comedian, Buralem, Eng., Oct. 11.
Lutzer, Jenney (Frau Dingelstedt), vocalist, Vienna, Austria, October.
Lauzanne, Chevalier de, dramatic author, Paris, Oct. 16.
Murray, Prof. H. G., lecturer and caricaturist, Kingston, Jamaica, W. I., Jan. 28.
Moseuthal, Herr, dramatist, Vienna, Austria, Feb. 17.
Montplaisir, Ipolito, dancer, Monticello, Lombardy, June.
Montessu, Mme., dancer, France, August.
Montagne, M., vocalist, Paris, Sept. —.
Moulin, M., viola-performer, Parma, Sept. —.
Malvern, Miss Emma, actress, Egremont, Eng., Sept. 7.
Margetti, Antonio, ex-opera agent, Milan, Italy, October.
Mahleur, M., musical copyist, Paris, France, November.
Maidi, Mlle. (Comtesse De Sparre), retired opera-singer, Paris, France, January.
Northcote, Charles, composer, London, Feb. 27.
Neveux, Hortense, actress, Paris, August.
Naylor, Wm. F., concert-hall proprietor, Liverpool, Eng.
Oxenford, John, dramatic critic and author, London, Eng., Feb. 21.
Otto, Julius, composer, Dresden, Germany, March —.
Prorgatt, R. H., leader of orchestra, London, Eng., Jan. 5.
Pollock, W. H. (W. H. Harrison), actor, Barrow in Furness, Eng., Jan. 27.
Porta, Pierina, pianist, Milan, Italy, January (?).
Pyne, George, retired musician, London, March 15.
Pool, Allen G., actor, Swansea, Wales, March 9.
Petrella, Signor Enrico, composer, Genoa, Italy, April —.
Platzer, Joseph, composer, Munich, Bavaria, April —.
Perry, Henry, actor, Paignton, Eng., May 27.
Phipps, Wm. H., musician, Deal, Eng., Aug. 31.
Profondo, Sante, concert-agent, Milan, Italy, Sept. —.
Pirrone, Gaetano, musician, Palermo, Italy, Sept. —.
Poole, Chas., Brighton, Eng., Sept. 14.
Poulter, Robert, of "The Falstaff," Rotherham, Eng., Oct. 2.
Pazzieri, Signor, professor of music, Milan, Italy, Oct. —.
Pizzi, Ignazio, musician, Milan, Italy, Oct. —.
Parry, John, theatrical manager, London, Nov. 1.
Pestalardo, Signor, operatic impressario, Genoa, Italy, Nov.
Poole, George Walter, manager, Cork, Ireland, Dec. 6.
Robertson, Elizabeth, widow of Wm. Robertson, Lincolnshire, Eng., Dec. 4, 1876.
Romani, Pietro (or Lamilio), composer and vocalist, Florence, Italy, Jan. —.
Robson, Wm., father of Mat Robson, comedian, North Shields, Eng., March 9.
Rorke, Miss Cecilia, actress, Ryde, Isle of Wight, May 16.
Retry, M., of the Conservatoire, Paris, June —.
Romani, M., opera librettist and dramatist, Paris, Sept. —.
Rietz, Julius, orchestral conductor, Dresden, Germany, Sept. —.
Robbia, Leopold, ex-opera agent, Milan, Italy, Oct. —.
Ricordi, Marietta Venturi, Bievio, Italy, Nov. 9.
Rhodes, Alfred, vocalist and musician, London, Eng., Nov. —.
Sharples, Wm., variety performer, Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 14, 1876.
Sullivan, Frederick, vocalist and musician, London, Eng., Jan. 18.
Simpson, James, music-hall manager, Sheffield, Eng., Jan. 31.
Schramm, Herr, musical conductor, Berlin, Prussia, Feb.
Sainte-Foy, M., retired vocalist, Paris, France, March —.
Stubbs, William, musician, Whitehaven, Eng., April 18.
Sauvage, Thos. L., dramatic author, Paris, France, May —.
Sprake, Thos., musician, Dublin, Ireland, July 31.
Saker, Mrs. William, Portobello, Scotland, Aug. 23.
Stacey, Walter (Thos. Wick), comedian, London, Sept. 2.
Stokes, John, clog-dancer, London, Sept. 7.
Scanzarlasel, organist, Rocca, Sept. —.
Simmonds, A., violinist, Gloucester, Eng., Sept. 8.
Stokes, John, clog-dancer, London, Sept. 7.
Simpson, T. P. (Thomas Penn), London, Sept. 9.
Stignani, Mlle., concert vocalist, Paris, Sept. —.
Smith, John W., theatrical manager, minstrel, and originial "Old Bob Ridley," South Yarra, Aus., Aug. 31.
Smith, E. T., theatrical manager, etc., London, Nov. 26.
Stockhausen, Frau Marguerite, concert vocalist, Colmar, Germany, Oct. 6.
Tolhurst, G. W., musician, England, Jan. 18.
Thompson, Miss Augusta, vocalist, Pimlico, Brighton, Eng., March 14.
Thomas, John, theatrical manager, Cardiff, Eng., March —.
Todd, F. C., connected with Drury-lane Theatre, London, April 11.
Trumann, Herr Karl, comedian and theatrical manager, Vienna, Austria, May —.
Tasso, Antonio, operatic tenor, Milan, Italy, Aug. —.
Taylor, Mrs. J. G., Norwood, Eng., Aug. 26.
Titiens, Teresa, operatic artist, London, Oct. 3.
Tisserant, M., retired actor, Paris, Oct. —.
Tomasi, Signor, composer, Venice, Italy, Nov. —.
Unger, Caroline, operatic singer, Florence, Italy, April —.
Vaughan, Gus (Paul Julien), comic-vocalist, Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 19.
Verger, Amadeo, operatic manager, Havana, Cuba, Dec. 14.
West, Mrs. William, retired tragic actress, Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 30, 1876.
Williams, Charles, comedian, London, Eng., Jan. 22.
Wright, Britain, comedian, Margate, Eng., April 25.
Wolfe, S. R., actor, Melbourne, Australia, March.
Warot, M., leader of orchestra, France, August.
Wright, Harry, pantomimist, England, Sept. 21.
Wilson, Mrs. Mary, equestrianne, London, Eng., Nov. 20.
Worboys, Mr., comedian, London, Dec 1.
Yamadiva, contortionist, on board steamship Khiva, en route from Shanghae to Hong Kong, China, Oct. 7.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 31, '77.

The last day of the old year, and the jumping-off place is reached at last. We are on the verge, as it might be, of that neutral line that divides the old from the new; on the edge, as it were, of the dark abyss into which we shall all "take a tumble," so to speak, when the long strike of the midnight bell shall proclaim the death of the year 1877 and the birth of its successor. Who can tell what the harvest of the new year is to be? Who may say what our blind plunge into the unknown future is to develop? We intended to say a number of very pretty things on this interesting occasion, as well as to moralize on the immutability of things terrestrial; we meant to have pointed out the many pitfalls that obstruct the onwardness of the weary traveler, and to have hung out cautionary signals to guide the unsuspecting youth as he makes his way excelsiorward; nay, more, it was our firm determination to have so held the mirror up to nature as to make the on-looker happy in his knowledge of the hidden things of this new life, and one thing or another like that; but reflection has tasted to better, taught us that it is much safer to let each individual take all its risks and responsibilities, and to permit each and every one of our kind friends to paddle his own canoe in such manner as to him seemeth best. This much, however, we *will* say: "When the dark ages of a mystic past shall have rolled away on the modern stage, Desh's marvellous impersonation of the living incubus of a celestial anthropolous idesility shall have entered unappalled the presence of a secular dynasty, then will the nations of the earth learn how much better it is to come into the world with a silver spoon in the mouth than to be born without a shirt. . . . . When we delighted in the High Priest Nathan witnessing Modjeska's dying scene in "Adrienne Lecouvrier," was so impressed as to faint dead away in a spell of *vertigo*, we immediately proceeded to the Fifth-avenue Theatre and proffered the use of our coach-and-four to convey the lady to her residence; but Emily, with a smile beautiful in its simplicity, respectfully declined. In her own sweet way she said: "No, thank you, I haven't *far to go*!" Neat, wasn't it?..... And speaking of this favorite actress reminds us of another; and we are glad to state that, while our friends on Long Island are enjoying themselves with their *fox* hunts, we are promised a *dear Hunt* in this city. (Explanation, by request: Miss Fanny Hunt, well known as a teacher of elocution, and as a pupil of the young ladies for the stage, is to give an entertainment in Chickering Hall, on Saturday evening of this week, when the principal characters in the representation will be sustained by the lady's pupils and herself. Hence *dear Hunt*.—ED.).....It was Jimmy Twitcher, we think, who first proclaimed the astounding truth that "eggs is aggs!" And we read in a New York paper how inconsiderate Denver audience shying eggs at the acting members of the Forrester "Shaughraun" comedy combination, our indignation knew no bounds when we came to realize the extent and front of this waste of the raw material. As the Forresters claim to be comedians only, the Denver rioters, from their eggsalted position in the gallery, sought by their assault upon the actors to make crushed tragedians of them all. We are told that the "Wake Scene" in the play was the cause of the demonstration by the sleepy Denverites. "Our Jim" declaims just as boisterously against *his* "wake" scene every morning. We are glad to see that Mr. Forrester and his company completely turned the tide against the base Anglish assailants by their exhibition of ladylike and gentlemanly behavior in the face of such totally uncalled-for assaults.....Doctor Landis has often been made the victim of just such attacks, but, being a medical man, he don't seem to mind them; in fact, he thrives best where the demonstrations made in his behalf are most vivid and energetic. He's with Tony Pastor, this week, performing the chief character in "Dick Shaw, the Torturer of Innocence," in which he is supported by the full strength of Mr. Pastor's uncrushed tragedians, such as Henry Kernell, Esq., William Barry, Esq., etc. Let us make glad New Year cheerful for the Doctor, who, in adopting the stage as his profession, wisely obeys Hamlet's advice by throwing physic to the dogs.....Dick Drift" is understood at the National Theatre. This is well. Should a snowstorm intervene, we trust that we shall not be called on to say that it's *no "Drift."*

.....'Twould be odd, wouldn't it, if "The Man of Success" at the Union-square should turn out to be a failure? It ought to think of it, as a good many men of success have failed of late, and for very much the same reason that a good many dramatic ventures have failed—too much paper and too many bills!.....Were it not for the conclusions of performing a great moral duty, we should sometimes grow discouraged in our efforts at education in the boy line. Only last week we came in and said he "didn't think Shakespeare was much on the act, any way." We gazed at him sternly and in silence, waiting for an explanation. It came in this form: "I heered so much 'bout Shakespeare I allers thought he was no snide; but he couldn't draw only twelve nights up at Booth's." We looked at the boy incredulously. "Well, I aint givin' yer no fake. I seen the bills, and they said: 'Farewell performance. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."' A feller what can't play only two weeks aint no great shakes!" We repeat that such exhibitions of stupidity as this are disgusting. And the boy has read our editorials on Shakespeare, too.....You may have noticed that Pauline Markham is announced to appear in the new spectacle of "Sula," which is to be presented at Booth's to-night. Presuming that you have noticed it, we offer the following without apology:

REMARKS ABOUT MARKHAM.
The shapely Markham we shall see
Again in costume meagre.
And all her charms, inll willingly,
We'll mark, and so will eager
In spectacle she's always strong—
Where tun's her only ruler—
She has been rusticated long.
But now she comes "*in Sula*!"

.....Philadelphia has been rushing to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of late, and Brooklyn has followed suit. When "Uncle Tom" ceases to "draw," the student of dramatic history may make up his mind that the stage has lost its very serious drawback. And that will be the time for you to write a play.....A few weeks ago, you may remember, we referred to an advertisement in THE CLIPPER, wherein it was stated that a *top-mounter* was wanted to take part in acrobatic performances. While the advertisers were fairly overrun by top-mounters whose soaring ambition had not up to that time o'erleaped itself, and the top-mountist one was secured. Now comes another acrobatic advertiser, in this issue of THE CLIPPER, and what do you suppose *he* wants? An "Understander" in a "Brother-act." They do *some* things in a brotherly way that are rather of the understand, even by the most experienced, but in this instance the successful competitor for the position will no doubt be able to surmount all difficulties by the mere strength of his understanding. You'll see if we are not right.....After the attempt to rob the veteran minstrel of his watch had been frustrated by the exhibition of a wonderful guardian of the night, Charley White concluded to forego his intention of attending *watch*-meeting on New Year's eve. [We admit that there is nothing smart in this, but when you are informed that we have been forced out of our own element to purchase cheap beef and things for the New Year's table, you will make due allowance for the absence of our customary brightness.—ED.].....If Mr. Fechter can so identify himself with the character of the wealthy Edmond Dantes, in "Monte Cristo," as to lose all recollection of the actor, he needn't trouble himself in one way or another about the night's receipts at the box-office.....This Diabolism is one of the few "isms" to which the average American takes as naturally as he does to chewing tobacco. This profound truth accounts for Heller's popularity. We took in a little diabolism ourselves last night, and to that purpose now to take a patent for the following

NECROMANTIC LINES.
A curious sort of a feller
Is the magical Robert Heller;
For you see that his tricks
Are more dark than Old Nick's,
Who sends all his pupils to Heller!

.....Here is something which caps the climax. Among the attractions at one of the variety houses appears this announcement: "*Lady* mermaids bathing in real water." What sort of chance do *men* mermaids stand in the presence of such captivating rivals as these? Give us lady mermaids if you please, but a male fish in a mermaid demur if made to bathe before critical spectators? Yes, she might if a mere maid, but being a lady mermaid—why that alters the case, you see.....Didn't we tell you so? Didn't we distinctly say that Mlle. Albani's father could not possibly know whether that young lady was about to be married or not? Of course we did. And now it turns out that Albani's father has been dead for fourteen years! Thus ever does the correctness of our assertions make itself apparent—even though it be, as in this instance, a dead parent!.....We have an unpleasant appendix to that touching little incident which we related last week. You remember it—about the warm-hearted actress who gave a dollar to the bootblack? Well, "Our Jim" read that narrative—read it attentively and repeatedly, and it furnished him with an idea. He went out one night last week and took up his position in front of a toy-shop, just as the boy of whom we told you did. Whenever anybody passed in or out of the shop, he would say to himself, in a voice loud enough to be heard: "That's a boss drum," "Wish I had that there sled"—precisely as the bootblack had done. For a long time nobody paid any attention to him, but the Jim boy did'nt lose heart. He remembered the Arab, and the actress, and the dollar. Finally a young woman came out of the shop, and, seeing the boy, said, "Why, Jim, is that you?" James looked up and recognized a ballet girl whom he has known a long time. "What did you get Christmas?" asked the girl. "Didn't git nothin'," answered James, sorrowfully. "Well, now, that's too bad. How much money have you got?" "Six shillins," said Jim; just as the bootblack had said. "Is that so?" returned the girl. "Well, I wish you'd pay that half dollar you borrowed last Summer!" and he was obliged to do it. He didn't hang around that shop-window any longer, and he doesn't take any stock now in stories about poor boys who have a dollar given to them..... We shall make our New Year calls as usual, and as we are always welcomed with open arms by the ladies whom we visit, because of our entertaining character, and the facility and willingness with which we roll off jokes, sing favorite love ballads and recite thrilling passages from the poets, we beg respectfully to ask as a favor of our lady friends that we shall not be called upon to respond to more than one encore at each house, owing to the extreme length of our list. We desire, also, to make known to our fair friends that we have prepared an entirely new budget of novelties, embracing songs, recitations, jokes in every style, and a new form of salutation on being ushered into the presence of the ladies. The best of them will be developed at each and every house whose fair occupants are honored with a place on our call-list. It is but proper that we should state that we have prepared a fresh version of the new ballad "The Sweet Bye-and-by," which we shall be happy to sing by request. We shall also be prepared to recite that brilliant poem "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," with a fresh "desk" for every house of call. (This little pun is a foretaste of the good things in store for the ladies on New-Year's day.—ED.) We may likewise, if pressed by the dear creatures (Pressed by the dear creatures is good, as you know how it is yourself.—ED.), recite Daniel Webster's great speech in reply to Hayne on the Union for United States.....Only this and nothing more;" and, if time will permit, do a double somersault over the refreshment table; but this we do not promise positively. We have one more request to make. It is this: The ladies, in handing round the soup, will oblige us if they will kindly abstain from spilling any portion of the same upon our new clothes; and they will place us under still greater obligations if, when handing us our new silk hat, they will not brush the silk the wrong way. Ta! Ta!.....Why doesn't Charley Backus come out as a tragedian? In Thatcher's new sketch, "Christmas-eve in the South," Charley recites the "Dagger Soliloquy," from "Macbeth," with such force as to win loud applause.....The circus goes out as the New Year comes in. It has had good success all through, the attendance on the opening week being immense. It is to be regretted that the performances will not have the valuable aid of Fred. O'Brien the leaper, who was injured one night last week in leaping over elephants. We think the show can come again with profit.....The variety theatres are doing a splendid holiday business, the popular prices and unusually attractive programmes drawing away people from some of the high-tariff legitimate theatres. Many of the best performers in the profession may be seen at the several variety theatres this week.....We had intended to bring our rambling remarks to a close this week with a few touching and appropriate lines on the death of the Old Year; but we fear that, like a great many other good intentions, this one is destined not to be carried out. The fault in this case is not one bit of it. The fault in this case is not one bit of it. We made a heroic effort to evolve something worthy of our fame, and here is the result:

WHAT THE NEW YEAR BRINGS.
The Old Year dies to-night—a tear
For all the merry rites that bring him dear;
We want less noise; that make him dear;
His hair is white, his eye is dim,
(Put down that ink-stand!) and the close
Of life's brief journey he hath found—
(What sort of verse do you suppose
A man can write with you around?)
A welcome to the New Year he'll bring,
To all the promise held in store:
May sunshine pierce the gloom of night
(There, James, just see who's at the door).
And may a noble purpose lead
Our lives and rob them of their stings—
(What's that you say? A tailor's bill?—
That's what the New Year always brings):

GEORGE.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

On Dec. 29 Surrogate Calvin granted letters of administration on the personal estate of Jacob Grau to Abraham Redlich and to Herman Grau, brother of deceased. The petition of the executors recounts that the impresario died intestate, leaving his brothers Herman and Wilhelm, his sisters Johanna and Rosalie, and about twenty nephews and nieces surviving, most of whom reside in Austria, and that he left personal property amounting in value to $10,000.....Disaster has overtaken Messrs. L. S. & M. Israels, well known to the profession of this city as proprietors of the wine-room and cigar-store adjoining Wallack's Theatre. Having failed to the extent of $3,036, with assets at $1,000, they attribute that failure to the non-payment of the Excise Law.....Rice," with John T. Raymond as the exponent of insurance, will be seen in this city for the first time, at least in its present shape, on Jan. 11, at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.....Mr. Augustin Daly claims that the bills as "a new play by Feuillet," should be termed "The Man of Gall." Instead of being even a new version of Feuillet's ancient drama, it is substantially Charles F. Coghlan's "Rosedale," as acted at the Bush-street, San Francisco last

MARY ANDERSON began her fourth St. Louis (Mo.) engagement at the Opera-house Dec. 24, in the presence of a large audience. The play was "Ingomar," Miss Anderson acting Parthenia for the first time in this city, and she gave a very pleasing interpretation to the character. John W. Norton's rendition of the title-role was correct and conscientious. Charles Krone's Polydor was capital, and the remainder of the cast was satisfactory. "Ingomar" was repeated at the Christmas matinee and evening performances. 26 Miss Anderson was seen at her best as Evadne, especially in the last act, where she bravely overcame the old temptation to rant. Mr. Norton gave a very forcible piece of acting in the character of Colonna. The Ludovico of Charles Krone was the best thing he has done in a long time. W. F. Edwards as Vincentio, George Berrell as the King, J. H. Schuette as Spalsaro, and Helen Blye as Olivia filled out the cast in a satisfactory manner. Programme for the rest of the week: "Romeo and Juliet" 27, "Lady of Lyons" 28, "Guy Mannering" 29. John W. Norton takes a benefit Jan. 3, when Miss Anderson will probably play Lady Macbeth.

Business at the Olympic—where the Williamsons have presented "Struck Oil" to delighted audiences—has been large, and the acting of the clever stars makes amends for the shortcomings of the play. The singing and dancing of Miss Maggie Moore, the good humor, and J. C. Williamson's acting at the close are the best features of the performance. On Friday night (28) the farce of "The Chinese Question" will be given in addition to the regular attraction. The Alice Oates Opera Troupe open 31. Jan. 7 "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Letter dated Dec. 28.

DRAMATIC ADVICES from Cincinnati to Dec. 29 run as appended: "Maggie Mitchell, supported by the St. Louis Olympic Theatre company, commenced an engagement 24 at the Grand Opera-house, and has done a good business, on Christmas (the night) including a bullding record. 'Mignon' was given 24, 25, 'Fanchon' matinee 25, 'Lorle' 26, 27, and 'Jane Eyre' 28, 29, 'Mignon being repeated for the matinee 29. The support rendered Miss Mitchell by William Harris was spirited and graceful, as was also the work of Mrs. Whiting, Warwick, Plunkett, Rand, Hight and Hay, Miss Rose Osborn, and Marian P. Clifton also deserve credit for good impersonations. Miss Mitchell remains another week. Jan. 7 the Worrell Sisters..... Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane opened at Robinson's Opera-house 24 in 'Our Bachelors,' in which their portrayals of J. Bangle and Judge Jowler evoked great amusement. The play was handsomely placed upon the stage, and of the support the noticeable renditions were the Eve Claiborne of Nellie Mortimer, Miss Cole of Ella Wren, Bella Blythe of Nellie Boyd, Ned Waring of Con T. Murphy, and Muldoon of S. R. Reed. Business large. Messrs. Robson and Crane remain another week. In consequence of its success, 'Our Bachelors' will be repeated 31, Jan. 1, after which 'Forbidden Fruit' will be given..... Dominick Murray began a two weeks' engagement at Heuck's Opera-house 24, and is meeting with great success."

AT HAVERLY'S ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., business has been large. "Antony and Cleopatra" was produced with some especially fine scenery from New York, with appropriate and elegant costumes and a capital ballet, led by Betty Rigl, under the direction of Mons. Zavistowski. Miss Rose Eytinge gave a very good impersonation of Cleopatra, looking the dark Egyptian syren of the Nile in a truly regal manner, while she often caught the Shakespearian inspiration in her delivery of the lines. Geo. C. Boniface presented a good portraiture of Antony. The support was indifferent, not being equal to the regular standard here. The gallery gods have not yet become used to the Shakesperian and legitimate drama, and on Christmas-night so guyed the piece that Miss Eytinge was forced to omit some scenes. Rose Eytinge and party go to Dayton, O., Jan. 1, to Indianapolis 2, 3, 4, 5, to Leland Stanford and little Edie Harrison and Master Texarkana 5.

Business at the Banjo Combination-house is also good, as per card, and Haverly's Mastodons, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 28, 29, and are to be at Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 1, 2, 3, 1878, Fulton 4, 5, 7, Shreveport 8, Waterloo 9, Oberlin 10, 11, 12.

There received its two hundredth night at the Grand Central Combination house, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 27, and is still doing well. Dec. 29 seconds is wanted for a new drama entitled "Paul Revere's Woman" is in preparation. The reduced scale of prices has not materially increased the attendance, except at the matinees, when only 50 and 25 cents is charged. ..... Miss Marie E. Whitaker, only child of Mrs. Whitaker, treasurer of Hooley's, was united in marriage to Henry V. Lester, a member of the Board of Trade, Dec. 19..... Notwithstanding the rainy weather and muddy condition of the streets, the attendance Christmas at all our theatres was very large. The Grand, Opera-house, Museum, Vine-street, and Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been sublet to Rockford, Ill., Christmas. They play in Ottawa Jan. 1, Morris 2. Letter of Dec. 29.

MCKEE RANKIN and Kitty Blanchard, assisted by Louis Aldrich and C. T. Parsloe, commenced a week's engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 24, appearing in "The Pink Dominos," which then received its first representation in that city. This drama met with unqualified success, the attendance being very large during the week. Miss Blanchard and Mr. Kirby Bruce displaying unusual excellence as Billie Piper, McKee Rankin truthfully and forcibly enacting the part of Sandy McGee, Louis Aldrich sustaining the part of Kee Hannah in his usual style, while the remaining characters found able representatives in George W. Howard, Lin Harris, M. J. Pendleton, W. H. Jones, C. T. Parsloe, B. W. Turner, W. H. Page, Mrs. Charles Walcot, Miss Kate Bateman, and Lizzie Creese. The scenery was most effective, the "Golden Gulch" in the fifth act being wonderful for its lifelike fidelity and picturesque perfectness. John T. Raymond commences at this theatre Dec. 31 in Bartley Campbell's new five-act comedy, entitled "Under the Gaslight." On Jan. 7, T. H. Morrell of New York will make his professional debut as Cardinal Richelieu at this theatre.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM the attraction for the Christmas holidays consisted of the drama of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," in which was also introduced the capital specialties of the Jackits-Chy Japanese Troupe. Miss Maggie Harold, who made her first appearance here this season, arch and vivacious as usual, gave a clever and striking personation of Aladdin. The Misses Jeannie Porter and Nannie Morgan were charming representatives of the Princess Balroulbadour and Amrou, and contributed greatly to the success of the piece, which was admirably mounted. The songs were numerous and calculated to please. Miss Nannie Morgan's execution of sundry ballads especially meeting with marked approval. The attendance last week was excellent. "Aladdin" will be repeated this week, followed Jan. 7 by "Ten Nights," which Sid C. France and his trained dogs will appear.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, the revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been successful, exceedingly large audiences being attracted at the eight performances during Christmas-week. The cast includes George Kunkel as Uncle Tom, J. B. Studley as Legree, Harry Hawk as Lawyer Marks, Vining Bowers as Phineas Fletcher, Walter Lenhox as Gumption Cute, Wm. H. Bailey as Seadon Perry, Gustavus Levick as George Harris, Miss Mary Gannon as Topsy, and La Petite Walton as Eva. Considerable care has been bestowed upon the scenery and appointments, an air of reality being imparted to the plantation scene by the introduction of over a hundred negroes, together with the jubilee singers, Horace Weston in his banjo-solos, and Master and Miss Slidell in dances.

BEDFORD WILLIAMS, the heavy man of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been seriously ill during the week, being confined to his residence on Jan. 1, 1878, with inflammation of the throat.

HARRY C. FRANCK has been tendered a complimentary benefit at the Philadelphia Museum Jan. 7, on which occasion he will make his first appearance on the stage in four years.

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE, Philadelphia, has withdrawn the yearly merchandise, and on and after Dec. 31 will be conducted as a legitimate dramatic establishment, under the direction of Charles Foster, the well-known comedian and author. "Saved at Seven" will be the inaugural programme.

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY the Philadelphia places of amusement generally had a medium attendance in the afternoon, but in the evening they were not large enough to accommodate their audiences.

THE OLD WARREN THEATRE, Camden, N. J., was abruptly closed on the evening of Dec. 24, owing, it is understood, to a disagreement between the lessees and managers, Messrs. Cole & Dilks. "Our Girls" was produced on Christmas afternoon and evening under the management of Messrs. Ward & Dubois.

"ROUND THE CLOCK" was produced at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 24, for the first time in that city, and will hold the stage during the holidays. Miss Hetty Tracy was lively and interesting as Juliana Tartar, while E. A. Locke as Gaddigot, Miss Ada Gilman as Josey Hillyburn, and Chas. A. McMahan as Billygobin are also entitled to favorable mention. Kate Claxton commences an engagement here Jan. 7 in "The Two Orphans."

JOHN S. CLARKE, on Christmas afternoon, at the Broad street Theatre, Philadelphia, made his first appearance in America, after a three years' absence. The programme consisted of "The Heir-at-law" and "The Toodles." Mr. Clarke was supported by a company including Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Chapman, Charles Walcot, Ed. Coleman and the Misses Ada Lawrence and Charlie D. Booth, the latter lady—a daughter of Junius Brutus Booth—making a favorable impression, adding to the fortunate recommendations of a pretty face and figure, an intelligent and easy delivery.

THE ACTORS' ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP have made a change of base by procuring commodious apartments at the southeast corner of Chestnut and Juniper streets, Philadelphia. The new rooms are in a central locality, within easy distance of all the theatres, and will be elegantly furnished for the accommodation of members of this organization and professionals visiting Philadelphia.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn, Mrs. G. C. Howard opened Dec. 24, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for an engagement extending over New-Year's Day. Under John F. Smith's management the production of the play could not be other than excellent in the matter of scenery and mounting. The more important members of the cast included Ed. Lamb as Marks, G. C. Howard as St. Clair, George McDonald as Uncle Tom, Miss Lizzie Weston as Eva, R. Winston as George Harris, Chas. Nichol's as Legree, Mrs. L. E. Barker as Aunt Ophelia, and Eliza Glassford as Eliza Harris. In the plantation scene the Georgia Jubilee Singers were heard in a number of slave-melodies. As for Mrs. Howard's topsy, years do not lessen its vivacity. The attendance was fairly good throughout the week, and encouragingly large on Christmas-night. A matinee performance is announced for New-Year's Day. Under John F. Smith's management the production of the play could not be other than excellent in the matter of scenery and mounting. The more important members of the cast included Ed. Lamb as Marks, G. C. Howard as St. Clair, George McDonald as Uncle Tom, Miss Lizzie Weston as Eva, R. Winston as George Harris, Chas. Nichol's as Legree, Mrs. L. E. Barker as Aunt Ophelia, and Eliza Glassford as Eliza Harris. In the plantation scene the Georgia Jubilee Singers were heard in a number of slave-melodies. As for Mrs. Howard's topsy, years do not lessen its vivacity. The attendance was fairly good throughout the week, and encouragingly large on Christmas-night. A matinee performance is announced for New-Year's Day.

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Brooklyn, the business has been large. Joseph Murphy, supported by his own company, presented "Kerry Gow." Next week "Man and Wife" will be given. ..... At McVicker's a fair business has been done. A good holiday bill was offered, consisting of "Simpson & Co." and "Beauty and the Beast," localized for the occasion. The bill will be continued another week. Dec. 27, and new emotional drama entitled "Paul Revere's Woman" is in preparation. The reduced scale of prices has not materially increased the attendance, except at the matinees, when only 50 and 25 cents is charged. ..... Miss Marie E. Whitaker, only child of Mrs. Whitaker, treasurer of Hooley's, was united in marriage to Henry V. Lester, a member of the Board of Trade, Dec. 19..... Notwithstanding the rainy weather and muddy condition of the streets, the attendance Christmas at all our theatres was very large. The Grand, Opera-house, Museum, under George Miller, did only fairly at Rockford, Ill., Christmas. They play in Ottawa Jan. 1, Morris 2. Letter of Dec. 29.

OUR BOSTON, MASS., LETTER, dated Dec. 30, gives the following concerning things theatrical:

The new American opera bouffe, "Pippins," received its first performance on any stage in the Globe Theatre, Dec. 24, before a crowded house. Its libretto was written by J. Cheever Goodwin, who, it is said, borrowed largely from Francis Talbourd's burlesque of "Atalanta," produced some twenty years ago in London. The music was composed by John J. Braham, and the cast was distributed as follows: Atalanta, Miss Eliza Weathersby; Hippomenes, Miss Nellie Larkelle; Cupid, Miss Eliza Chapman; Faidragogos, N. C. Goodwin; Narcissus, Miss Lulu Jordan; Merone, Mrs. Harry Chapman; Daphne, Miss M. Crolius; Mnasisarria, L. J. Mestayer; Thraso, H. Gwynette; Hyacinthus, Miss M. Ten Broeck; Nyse, Miss A. Gerald; Chloe, Miss G. Durell; Schœnus, E. S. Payson; Kat, Sig. Quinze. It was received with much favor, and, though not destined to enjoy the popularity gained by "Evangeline" or "Le Petit Corsaire," is still a good contribution to purely American composition, and reflects credit upon both author and composer. The music is not wholly of that catching character which can be retained in the memory, as is the case in the works above mentioned, though some of the airs are pleasing and tuneful, among which may be mentioned the short overture and opening chorus, the ballad of "Hippomenes," "Cupid's Idyl," "Paidagogus' Narrative and Laughing Chorus," the finale to the first act, Atalanta's recitative "No Wedded Life for Me," the "Sea Song," the "Good-night Chorus," and the introduced cuckoo duet from "La Marjolaine." These, in most cases, elicited repetition. The great popularity of several of the artists engaged in its interpretation has gone very far to make it the success it already is. Miss Eliza Weathersby as Atalanta was received in the most cordial manner; her acting was full of chic, and her singing, especially in the duets with Miss Larkelle, was charming. Miss Larkelle's Hippomenes and graceful as Cupid, was also warmly received, and her songs were rendered in her own peculiar style. Miss Nellie Larkelle's more robust form was admirably displayed in Hippomenes; her singing was distinguished by a full, clear tone, which gained much applause and several encores. It fell to the lot of N. C. Goodwin to bear the burden of the piece in the title-role, and the warmth of his reception was warranted by his after performance, which showed more finish and repose, in both acting and singing, than we had deemed possible. His brief imitation of Stuart Robson evoked the warmest applause of the evening. Louis Mestayer was well cast as Atalanta's father, and his quaint acting was comical and well-timed. E. S. Payson was somewhat deficient in humor, but in singing he was very acceptable. Mrs. Harry Chapman in the role of Merope did the little required of her in an excellent manner, and showed a full understanding of the wants of the character. The Misses Lulu Jordan and May Ten Broeck as two foppish courtiers were dressed to kill. Miss Jordan's natural high-pitched voice of the latter lady seemed unduly prominent. Harry Gwynette was costumed in a capital manner as Thraso, and was cast for a good part, while the Misses Mina Crollius, Alice Gerald, and Grace Durell filled the less prominent roles in a pleasing manner. The production of "Pippins" was well thought out, and could hardly be called a success, as its scene was long-drawn-out and tiresome. The variety features of velocipede riding, Masonic Punch and Judy, and Mr. Franzell's W. J. Walton and Mlle. Helene Menzelli respectively, were superfluous, and destroyed the continuity of the scene. Applause and floral tokens were abundant, and at the close of the second act Miss Weathersby, Miss Larkelle, Miss Chapman, Mestayer, Payson, and the Messrs. Goodwin were honored by a recall. J. Cheever Goodwin responding for Mr. Braham and himself in a humorous manner. The orchestra was led in person by Mr. Braham, and performed its share of the work in an excellent manner, and the same may be said of the chorus. Much attention had been paid to mounting and costuming the opera, several scenes being picturesque, while the dresses were elegant and sightly. Large houses have been present all week, and "Pippins" is announced for continued repetition. Mlle. Marie Bonfanti will supply the place of Mlle. Menzelli, commencing Jan. 3. Miss Lulu Jordan takes a benefit, on which occasion Gus Williams will appear, and novelty features will be added. For the benefit of Miss Eliza Weathersby, 4, "Jenny Lind" will be added, and for the benefit of J. Cheever Goodwin and John J. Braham, extra attractions will be presented..... Our theatre-goers have shown an unaccountable degree of apathy in neglecting to crowd the opera-house to overflowing, for rarely has a more pleasing entertainment been offered than that afforded by the present bill. "The Cricket on the Hearth," as it has become, has seldom been so well represented in its entirety as now. William Warren as the jolly, whole-souled John Peerybingle, the ideal domestic carrier in speech, looks and action; his love for Dot, his baby and his home is fully expressed, and conveyed to the auditors in his quiet but telling way. Annie Wilson was admirably made up as Caleb Plummer, and was successful in depicting the various emotions with which he is encompassed; the sensible, generous love and pity for his blind daughter, Dot, and the tender and content while she is with him, and his happiness in his son's safe return home showed traces of care and thought, creditable to any lady who has more experienced actor. F. G. Cotter as his son Edward was meritorious in the simulation of deafness and age under the disguise of a Swiss organ-grinder. Mr. Cotter was as gruff and cross-grained as Dickens himself could desire. Miss Annie Clarke as Dot distinguished herself by a performance full of tenderness and womanly grace, and seemed the happy, trusting wife so forcibly impressed upon us by the great novelist. Mrs. J. R. Vincent was a capital Mrs. Peerybingle, and was charming in the dance. Miss Lizzie Harold as Tilly Slowboy was in her element, and showed a full understanding of the wants of the character. The Misses Lulu Jordan and May Ten Broeck as two foppish courtiers were dressed to kill. Miss Jordan's natural high-pitched voice of the latter lady seemed unduly prominent. Harry Gwynette was costumed in a capital manner as Thraso, and was cast for a good part, while the Misses Mina Crollius, Alice Gerald, and Grace Durell filled the less prominent roles in a pleasing manner. 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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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